

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1880.

## HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

### CHAPTER XVI.

AT Markham Chase there had been great wonder and consternation at the sudden departure of the elders of the family. Bell had been called to her mother's room in the morning, and the morals of the house, so to speak, placed in her hands. She was thirteen, a great age, quite a woman. "Harry will help you: but he is careless, and he is always out. You will promise to be very careful and look after everything," Lady Markham had said. Bell, growing pale with the solemnity of this strange commission, gave her promise with paling cheek, and a great light of excitement in her eyes; and when they heard of it, the others were almost equally impressed. "There is something the matter with Paul," Bell said; and when the carriage drove away the solemnity of the great house all to themselves made a still greater impression upon them. It is true that Mrs. Fry showed signs of thinking that she was the virtual head of the establishment, and Brown did not pay that deference to Bell's orders which she expected as mamma's deputy to receive; but still they all acknowledged the responsibility that lay upon them to conduct themselves better than girls and boys had ever conducted themselves before. The girls naturally felt this the most. They would not go out with their brothers, but stayed indoors and occupied themselves with various rather grimy pieces of needlework begun

No. 245.—VOL. XL.

on various occasions of penitence or bad weather. To complete them felt like a proper exercise for such an occasion; and Bell caused the door to be shut and all the windows in front of the house. She and Marie established themselves in their mother's special sanctuary—the west room; where after a while the work languished, and where the elder sister, with a sense of seniority and protection, pointed out all the pictures to Marie, and gave her their names. "That is me, when I was a baby," said Bell, "just below the Raffle."

"The Raffle," said Marie. "I thought a raffle was a thing where you drew lots."

"So it is," said the elder with dignity, "but it is a man's name, too. It is pronounced a little different, and he was a very fine painter. You know," said the little instructress with great seriousness, "what the subject is—the beautiful lady and the little boy?"

"I know what they all are quite well," said Marie, impatient of so much superiority; "I have seen them just as often as you have. Mamma has told me hundreds of time. That's me too as well as you, underneath the big picture, and there's Alice, and that's papa—as if I didn't know!"

"How can you help knowing Alice and papa; any one can do that," said Bell; "but you don't know the landscapes. That one is painted by two people, and it is called Both. At least,

I suppose they both did a bit, as mamma does sometimes with Alice. There is some one ringing the bell at the hall door! Somebody must be coming to call. Will Brown say 'My lady is not at home,' or will he say, 'The young ladies are at home,' as he does when Alice is here? Oh, there it is again! Can anything have happened? Either it is somebody who is in a great hurry, or it is a telegram, or—Marie, quick, run to the schoolroom and there we can see."

As they neared the hall they ran across Brown, who was advancing in a leisurely manner to open the door. "Young ladies," said Brown, "you should not scuttle about like that, frightening people. And I wonder who it was that shut the hall door."

Bell made no reply, but ran out of the way, and they reached the school-room window in time to see what was going to happen. At the door stood some one waiting. "A little gentleman" in light-coloured clothes, with a large white umbrella. There was no carriage, which was one reason why Brown had taken his time in answering the bell. He would not, a person of his importance, have condescended to open the door at all but for a curiosity which had taken possession of him, a certainty in his mind that something of more than ordinary importance was going on in the family. The little gentleman who had rung the bell had walked up the avenue slowly, and had looked about him much. He had the air of being very much interested in the place. At every opening in the trees he had paused to look, and when he came to the open space in front of the house, had stood still for some time with a glass in his eye examining it. He was very brown of hue, very spare and slim, exceedingly neat, and carefully dressed, though in clothes that were not quite like English clothes. They fitted him loosely, and they were of lighter material than gentlemen usually wear in England; but yet he was very well dressed. He had neat small feet,

most carefully *chaussés*; and he had carried his large white umbrella, lined with green, over his head as he approached the door. When Brown threw the great door open, he was startled to see this trim figure so near to him upon the highest step. He had put down his white umbrella, and he stood with a small cardcase between his finger and thumb, as ready at once to proclaim himself who he was.

"Sir William Markham?" he asked. The little cardcase had been opened and the white edge of the card was visible in his hand.

"Not at home, sir," said Brown.

"Ah! that's your English way. I am not a novice, though you may think so," said the little gentleman. "Take in this card and you will see that he will be at home for me."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Brown. Though he had no objection to saying "not at home" when occasion demanded, he felt offended by being supposed to have done so falsely when his statement was true. "Master is not a gentleman that has himself denied when he is here. When I say not at home, I mean it. Sir William left Markham to-day."

"Left to-day!—that is very unlucky," said the stranger. He stood quite disconcerted for the moment, and gnawed the ends of his moustache, still with the card half extended between his finger and thumb. "You are sure now," he added, in a conciliatory tone, "that it is not by way of getting rid of intruders? I am no intruder. I am—a relation."

"Very sorry, sir," said Brown; "if you were one of the family—if you were Mr. Markham himself, I couldn't say no different. Sir William, and my lady, and Miss Alice, they went to Oxford this morning by the early train."

"Mr. Markham himself—who is Mr. Markham?" he said, with a peculiar smile hovering about his mouth. "I am—a relation; but I have never been in England before, and I don't

know much about the family. Is Mr. Markham a son, or brother—perhaps brother to Sir William?"

"The eldest son and heir, sir," said Brown, with dignity. "You'll see it in the *Baronetage of England* all about him, 'Paul Reginald, born May 6, 18—.' He came of age this year."

The brown face of the stranger was full of varying expression while this was said—surprise, a half amusement, mingled with anger; emotions much too personal to be consistent with his ignorance of the family history. Strange, when he did not know anything about it, that he should be so much interested! Brown eyed him very keenly, with natural suspicion, though he did not know what it was he suspected. The little gentleman had closed his card-case, but still held it in his hand.

"So," he said; "the heir; then perhaps he is at home?"

"There is nobody at home but the young ladies and the young gentlemen," said Brown, testily. "If any of the grown-up ones had been in the house or about the place, I'd have said so."

Brown felt himself the master when the heads of the family were away, and this sort of persistency did not please him.

"I'd like to see the young ladies and gentlemen," said the stranger. "I'd like to see the house. You seem unwilling to let me in; but I am equally unwilling to come such a long distance and then go away——"

"Well, sir," said Brown, embarrassed, "Markham Chase, though it's one of the finest places in the county, is not a show place. I don't say but what the gardener would take a visitor round the gardens, and by the fish pond, and that, when the family are away; but it has never been made a practice to show the house. And it cannot even be said at present that the family are away. They've gone on some business as far as Oxford. They might be back, Sir William told me, in two days."

"My man!" said the stranger, "I can promise you your master will give you a good wiggling when he hears that you have sent me away."

"A good—what, sir?"

Brown grew red with indignation; but all the same a chill little doubt stole over him. This personage, who was so very sure of his welcome, might after all turn out to be a person whom he had no right to send away.

"I said a wiggling, my good man. Perhaps you don't understand that in England. We do in our place. Come," he said, drawing out the card, and with it a very palpable sovereign, "here's my name. You can see I'm no impostor. You had better let me see the house."

The card was a very highly glazed foreign-looking piece of pasteboard, and upon it was the name of Mr. Augustus Markham Caveston, at full length, in old English characters. And now that Brown looked at him again, he seemed to see a certain likeness to Sir William in this pertinacious visitor. He was about the same height, his eyes were the same colour, and there was something in the sound of his voice—Brown thought on the whole it would be best to pocket the indignity and the sovereign, and let the stranger have his way.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "Sir William didn't say nothing to me about expecting a relation, and I'm not one that likes to take liberties in the absence of the family; but if so be as your mind is set upon it, I think I may take it upon me to let you see the house."

"I thought we should understand each other, sooner or later," said the stranger, with a smile. "Sir William could not tell you, for he did not know I was coming," he said, a moment afterwards, with a short laugh. "I've come from—a long way off, where people are not—much in the way of writing letters. Besides, it is so long since he's seen me, I dare say he has forgotten me; but the first glance at my card will bring it all back."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said Brown. He had taken the sovereign, though not without doubts and compunctions, and now he felt himself half unwillingly bound to the service of this unknown personage. He admitted him into the hall with a momentary pang. "The house was built by the great-grandfather of the present baronet," he said. "This hall is considered a great feature. The pillars were brought from Sicily; they're no imitation, like what you see in many places, but real marble. On the right is the dining-room, and on the left the drawing-room. There is a fine gallery which is only used for balls and so forth——"

"Ah—we'll take them in turn," said the little gentleman. He put down his big white umbrella, and shook himself free of several particles of dust which he perceived on his light coat. "I'll rest here a moment, thank you," he said, seating himself in the same big chair in which Colonel Lenny had fallen asleep. "This reminds me of where I've come from. I dare say Sir William brought it over. Now fetch me some iced water or seltzer, or cold punch if you've got such a thing. Before I start sight-seeing I'd like a little rest."

Brown stared with open mouth; his very voice died away in the blank wonder that filled him.

"Cold—punch!" he said.

The stranger laughed.

"Don't look so much like a boiled goose. I don't suppose you have cold punch. Get me some seltzer, as I say, or iced water. I don't suppose a man who has been anywhere where there's a sun can do without one of them. Oh, yes, there's a little sun in England now and then. Something to drink!" he added, in peremptory tones.

Brown, though he felt the monstrous folly of this order from a man who had never set foot in the house before, felt himself moving instinctively and very promptly to obey. It was the strangest thing in the world, but he did it, leaving the stranger

enthroned in the great chair of Indian bamboo.

Mr. Augustus Markham Gaveston, however, had no inclination to sleep. He sat sunk in the chair, rubbing his hands, looking about him with his little keen blue eyes.

"So this is Markham Chase," he said to himself. His eyes shone with a mischievous eager light. There was a little triumph in them and some amusement. Though he was far from being a boy, a sort of boyish gleam of malicious pleasure was in his face, as if he had done something which it had not been intended or desired that he should do, and thus had stolen a march upon some one in authority. He pulled off his gloves in a leisurely way, finger by finger, and threw them into his hat, which he had placed at his feet. Then he rubbed his hands again, as if ready for anything or everything.

"The dining-room to the right, the drawing-room to the left, and a fine gallery—for balls and that sort of thing," he repeated, half under his breath.

The little girls had watched anxiously from the schoolroom window as long as there was anything to see. They had seen the little gentleman come in, which filled them with excitement. It was not a telegram, so there was nothing to be afraid of. Their hearts jumped with excitement and wonder. Who could it be?

"I ought to go and see what he wants," said Bell. "Mamma left the charge of the house to me."

"Oh, Bell—a strange gentleman! you would not know what to say to him, though it is only a little gentleman," said Marie.

"Oh, yes, I know quite well. I shall ask him if he wants papa, and that I am so sorry there is no one at home—and could I tell papa any message? that is what Dolly Stainforth says."

"She is seventeen," said Marie; "and you—you are only so little—he will laugh at you. Bell, don't go. Oh, I don't like to go——"



"He is little, too," said Bell. "You can stay away if you please, but I am going to see what it all means. Mamma left the charge to me."

Marie followed, shy, but curious.

"Oh, I wish the boys were here," she said.

"The boys!" cried Bell, with much contempt. "Who would pay any attention to them? But you need not come unless you like. Mamma left the charge to me."

Whether to be left alone, or to be dragged to the encounter to speak to a strange gentleman, Marie did not know which was worst. It was the first, however, which was most contrary to all her traditions. She scarcely remembered that such a thing had ever happened. So she followed, though ill at ease, holding a corner of Bell's frock between her fingers. As for Bell, she had the courage of a lion. She walked quite boldly through all the passages, and never felt the slightest inclination to run away, till she suddenly caught a glimpse of two neat little feet, protruding from two lines of light trousers, on the other side of the hall. Then she gave a start and a little cry, and clutched at Marie behind her, who was more frightened than she.

They stopped within the door, in a sudden *accès* of fright. Nothing was visible but the grey trousers, the little feet in light cloth boots, and two hands rubbing each other; all the rest of the stranger's person being sunk in the big chair.

When he heard this exclamation, he roused himself, and turned a wide-awake head in their direction.

"Ah! the young ladies!" he said. "How are you, my little dears? It is you I most want to see." And he held out to them the hands which had been seen rubbing themselves together so complacently a moment before.

"We are the Miss Markhams. We are never spoken to like that," said Bell. Then she collected all her courage for the sake of her duty. "I am the eldest," she said. "Papa and

mamma are gone away, if you wanted to see them; but if you have any message you wish to leave——"

"Come here," he said. "I don't wish to leave any message. Don't be frightened. I want to make friends with you. Come here and talk to me. I am not a stranger. I am a—sort of a relation of yours."

"A relation!" said Bell. And as Brown's solemn step was heard advancing at this moment, the little girls advanced too. Brown carried a tray with a long glass upon it, a fat little bottle of seltzer water, and a large jug of claret-cup. Colonel Lenny had been very thirsty too when he fell asleep in that same chair, but he had not been served in this way. The little girls came forward, gravely interested, and watched with serious eyes while the little gentleman drank. He nodded at them before he lifted the glass to his lips with a comical air.

"My name is Markham as well as yours," he said. "I've come a long way to make your acquaintance. This respectable person here—what do you call him, Brown?—wanted to send me away; but I hope now that you have come you will extend your protection to me, and not allow him to turn me away."

"Are you a cousin?" said Bell.

"Well—perhaps not exactly a cousin; and yet something of that sort."

"Are you one of the Underwood Markhams?" the little girl continued. "The people that nurse says would get Markham if we were all to die?"

"They must be very disagreeable people, I think," said the stranger, with a smile.

"Oh, *dreadful*! They never come here. Nurse says they were in such a way when we were all born. They thought papa was going to let them have it—as if it were not much more natural that Paul should have it! You are not one of those people, are you, Mr.—Markham? Is that really your name?"

"I am not one of those people, and

my name is Gus. What is yours? I want to know what to call you, and your little sister. And don't you think you had better take me to see the house?"

"Oh," cried Bell, looking more serious than ever; "but we could not call a gentleman, quite an old gentleman, like you, Gus."

"Do you think I am an old gentleman?" he said.

"Well, not perhaps such a very old gentleman," said Bell, hesitating.

Marie, trusting herself to speak for the first time, said in a half-whisper—

"Oh, no—not very old; just about the same as papa."

The stranger burst into a laugh. This seemed to amuse him more than the humour of the speech justified.

"There is a difference," he said; "a slight difference. I am not so old as—papa."

"Do you know papa? Do you know any of them? You must have met them," said Bell, "if you are in society. Alice came out this year, and they went everywhere, and saw everybody, in society. Mamma told me so. Alice is the eldest," the little girl went on, pleased to enter into the fullest explanations as soon as she had got started. "That is, not the eldest of all, you know, but the eldest of the girls. She was at all the balls, and even went out to dinner! but then it is no wonder, she is eighteen, and quite as tall as mamma."

"Is she pretty?" said the gentleman.

He went on drinking glass after glass of the claret-cup, while Brown stood looking on alarmed, yet respectful. ("Such a little fellow as that, I thought he'd bust himself," Brown said.)

"She is not so pretty as mamma," said the little girl. "Everybody says mamma is beautiful. I am the one that is most like her," continued Pell, with naïve satisfaction. "There is a picture of her in the drawing-room; you can come and see."

"Miss Isabel," cried Brown, taking her aside. There was something im-

portant even in the fact of being taken aside to be expostulated with by Brown. "We don't know nothing about the gentleman, miss," said Brown. "I don't doubt that it is all right—still he mightn't be what he appears to be; and as it is me that is responsible to Sir William——"

"You need not trouble yourself about that, Brown," said Bell, promptly. "Mamma said I was to have the charge of everything. I shall take him in and show him the pictures and things. I will tell papa that it was me. But Brown," she added in an undertone, certain doubts coming over her, "don't go away; come with us all the same. Marie might be frightened: I should like you to come all the same."

Meantime the stranger had turned to Marie.

"Where do you come in the family?" he said. "Are there any younger than you?"

"No," said Marie, hanging her head. She was the shy one of the family. She gave little glances at him sidelong, from under her eyelids; but edged a little further off when he spoke.

"Are you afraid? Do you think I would do you any harm?" said the little gentleman. "It is quite the other way. Do you know I have brought some sweetmeats over the sea, I can't tell you how far, expressly for you."

"For me!" Marie was fairly roused out of her apathy. "But you didn't know even our names till you came here."

"Ah! there's no telling how much I knew," said the stranger with a smile.

He had risen up, and he was not very formidable. Though he was not handsome, the smile on his face made it quite pleasant. And to have sweetmeats brought, as he said, all that way, expressly for *you*, was a very ingratiating circumstance. Marie tried to whisper this wonderful piece of information to Bell when her interview

with Brown was over. But Bell had returned to all her dignity of (temporary) head of the house.

"If you will follow me," she said, trying to look, her sister said afterwards, as if she were in long dresses, and putting on an air of portentous importance, "we will take you to see the house. Brown, you can come with us and open the doors."

The visitor laughed. He was very little taller than Bell, as she swept on with dignity at the head of the procession. Brown, not quite satisfied to have his rôle taken out of his hands, yet unwilling to leave the children in unknown company, and a little curious himself, and desirous to see what was going on, followed with some perturbation. And there never was a housekeeper more grandiose in description than Bell proved herself, or more eloquently confused in her dates and details. They went over all the house, even into the bedrooms, for the stranger's curiosity was inexhaustible. He learned all sorts of particulars about the family, lingering over every picture and every chamber. When the boys came in, calling loudly for their sisters, he put his glass in his eye and examined them, as they rushed up the great staircase, where a whispered, but quite audible, consultation took place.

"I say, we want our dinner," cried Harry. "We're after a wasp's nest down in the Brentwood Hollow, and if you don't make haste, you'll lose all the fun."

"Oh, a wasp's nest!" cried Bell; "but we can't—we can't: for here is a gentleman who says he is a relation, and we're showing him over the house."

"Such a funny little gentleman," said Marie, "and he says he's got some sweetmeats (what does one mean by sweetmeats?) for me."

"I don't care for your gentleman; I want my dinner," cried Harry, whose boots were all over mud from the Brentwood swamp. They both brought in a whiff of fresh air like a fresh breeze into the stately house.

"Miss Isabel," said Brown, coming forward, and speaking in a stage whisper, while the stranger, with his glass in his eye, calmly contemplated all these communings from above, "if the gentleman is really a relation, I don't think my lady would mind if you asked him to stay lunch."

To stay lunch! This took away the children's breath.

"It is a bore to have a man when he doesn't belong to you," said Roland.

"He looks a queer little beggar," said Harry. "I don't think I like the looks of him."

"But he is quite nice," said the little girls in a breath.

Then Bell suddenly gave a lamentable cry—

"Oh, you boys, it is no use even thinking of the wasp's nest. We have all got to go to the rectory to the school-feast."

This calamity put the little gentleman out of their heads. The boys resisted wildly, but the girls began to think better of it, arguing that it was a party, though only a parish party. The introduction of this subject delayed the decision of the question about lunch, until at last a violent appeal from Harry—

"I say, Brown! *can't* we have our dinner?" brought about a crisis.

"You go and ask *him* to come, Harry," said Bell, seized with an access of shyness, and pushing her brother forward. "You are the biggest."

"Ask him yourself," cried the boy.

This difficult question however was solved by the little gentleman himself, who came forward, still with his glass in his eye.

"My dear children," he said, "don't give yourselves any trouble. I am very hungry, and when Mr. Brown is so kind as to give you your dinner, I will share it with great pleasure. ("Cheeky little brute—I don't like the looks of him," said Harry to Roland. "But it was plucky of him all the same," said Roland to Harry.)

Allow me to offer Miss Markham my arm," the stranger added.

To see Bell colour up, look round at them all in alarm, then put on a grand air, and accept the little gentleman's arm, was, all the children thought, as good as a play. They followed in convulsions of suppressed laughter, the boys pretending to escort each other, while Marie did her best to subdue them. "Oh, boys, boys! when you know mamma says we are never to laugh at people," cried this small authority. But the meal thus prepared for was very successful, and the young Markhams speedily became quite intimate with their visitor. He told them he was going to stay in the village, and Harry and Roland immediately made him free of the woods. And he asked them a thousand questions about everybody and everything, from their father and mother, to the school-feast where they were going; but except the fact that he was staying in the village, he gave them no information about himself. This Brown noted keenly, who, though not disposed to trouble himself usually with a school-room dinner, condescended to conduct the service on this occasion, keeping both ears and eyes in very lively exercise. Brown felt sure, with the instinct of an old servant, that something was about to happen in the family, and he would not lose an opportunity of making his observations. The stranger remained until the children had got ready for their engagement, and walked with them to the village, still asking questions about everything. They had fallen quite easily into calling him Mr. Gus.

"For I am Markham as well as you," he said; "there would be no distinction in that;" which was another source of anxiety and alarm to Brown, who knew that on the visitor's card there was another name.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gus, good-bye!" the children cried at the rectory gate. The village inn was further on, and Mr. Gus lingered with perfectly open and unaffected curiosity to look at the

fine people who were getting out of their carriages at the gate.

"We will tell papa your message," said Bell, turning round for a last word; "and remember you are to come again when they come home."

"Never fear; you will see plenty of me before all is done," he said; and so went on into the village, waving his hand to them, with his big white umbrella over his head. All the girls and boys who were going to the school-feast, stopped to look at him with wondering eyes. He was very unlike the ordinary Englishman as seen in Markham Royal. But the little Markhams themselves had now no doubt that he was a relation, for his walk, they all agreed, was exactly like papa's.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE rectory at Markham Royal was a pretty house, situated on a little elevation, with pretty lawns and gardens, and a paddock at the foot of the little height, open to the lawn, where there was a tent erected, and plenty of space for the games. Spectators of the higher class constituted quite another little party in the pretty slope of the gardens, where they were walking about in bright-coloured groups, and paying their various greetings to the rector and his daughter when the little Markhams arrived. Their appearance was a great disappointment to the company in general, and especially to Dolly Stainforth, who was the hostess and the soul of everything that was going on. The rector himself was old, and not able to take much trouble. He had a large family of sons and daughters, who were all married and out in the world, with the exception of the youngest of all, Dolly, who was a little younger than Alice Markham, and a model of everything that a clergyman's daughter ought to be. Frank, the youngest son, a young barrister, who still called the rectory home, and was generally present on all important

occasions, was the only other member of the family in whom Markham Royal took any very great interest; and he was absent, to-day, to the great annoyance of his sister, who all the afternoon had been looking out, shading her eyes, directly in the line of the sun, which made the highroad one white and blazing line—looking for the carriage from the Chase, which might, Dolly hoped, bring her the only compensation possible for her brother's absence. Alice was an unfailing aid in all such emergencies, and Lady Markham's gracious presence made everything go well among the great people on the lawn. Also, this time at least, there was another possibility that made Dolly's heart beat. It had been whispered among the girls for some time past that the birthday of Alice being near, and Paul almost certain to come home for that family festivity, he might, in all likelihood, be calculated upon for the rectory too; in which case Alice and he would remain for supper afterwards, and the day would be a white day. Not many entertainments of a lively description came in Dolly's way. She had to drive out solemnly with her father now and then, and attend garden parties which were not always very amusing; but this day had been marked out as an exception to all others. After the school-feast, which was the laborious part of it, and in which she was to be helped by the people she admired and loved most in the world, there was to be the much more exquisite pleasure of the domestic party after, talks, and songs, and strolls in the moonlight, and a whole little romance of happiness. Frank and Alice, whom it would be almost delight enough to pair together, to see "taking to each other," and Paul—Perhaps it was part of Dolly's training as, in a way, mother of the parish, that she should make her little plans with extreme regularity and perfection of all the details. This anticipation had given her strength for all the preparations of the school-feast. There

was no curate to take any share of the responsibility; everything came upon her own small shoulders, young and delicate as they were. But what of that! With such aid and such a recompense, Dolly did not care what trouble she took. It was her duty in any case, but duty became a kind of Paradise when pursued in company with Frank and Alice and Paul. Alas! the morning's post had brought a letter from Frank announcing his inability to appear. Was it for a serious cause which his sister could accept? Alas, no! only for a cricket match, which he preferred—certainly preferred—to the rectory lawn and Alice Markham. Frank was false, but the others must prove true. When did any one ever know the Markhams to fail! When the four children appeared Dolly detached herself from Lady Westland, whom with a much disturbed attention she had been entertaining:

"Why are they so late?" she cried.

"Oh, Dolly," said Bell, half pleased to be of so much importance, half sorry to convey bad news; "they are not coming at all! They have gone off to Oxford, papa, mamma, and Alice; there is something the matter with Paul."

Poor little Dolly never could tell how she bore this blow. Suddenly the whole scene became dim before her, swimming in two big tears which flooded her eyes. She had indeed said to herself that she would not "build upon" the coming of Paul; but Alice at least she had a right to build upon.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" cried Lady Westland, whose eyes were as keen as needles.

Dolly, though she was still blind with the sudden moisture, recovered her wits more quickly than she recovered her eyesight.

"I think I shall cry," she said. "I can't help it. Alice is not coming; and Alice was all my hope. There is no one such a help as she is.



I don't know what I shall do without her."

It was a kind of comfort to Dolly to think that Ada Westland would be wounded by an estimate which showed how little her services were thought of; and this, perhaps, though not at all a right feeling for a good little clergywoman, helped her to recover herself, as it was so necessary she should do.

The children were assembling in the paddock, all in their best clothes, with the schoolmistress and the Sunday-school teachers, and a few favoured villagers. There was the tea to make for them, the games to organise, to keep everything going; and all the garden walks were occupied by idle people who were doing nothing to help, and from whom no help could be expected. Her old maid, who had been her nurse, and who was Dolly's chief support in the household, and old George the old man-servant, who managed the male department at the rectory, were both required to hand tea, and attend upon these fine people, who did all they could to detain Dolly herself, stopping her as she hurried down to the field of action, to tell her that it was a pretty scene. Dolly was far too good a girl, and too thoroughly trained to the duties of her position to dwell at that moment upon her disappointment. But whenever she paused for a moment, whenever the din of the voices and teacups experienced a lull, it came back to her. Poor little Dolly! She had everything on her shoulders.

There was a line of chairs arranged under the lime-trees on the lawn for the great people of the parish—the Trevors and the Westlands—apart from the crowd of smaller people who came and went. Among these few local magnates the rector mandered, and it was to them that old George's services were specially dedicated. They had the best of the tea, which Dolly grudged greatly, and the best position, and the best attendance; and considered themselves to be doing

a duty which they owed to the parish in thus countenancing the school-feast. They considered that they were doing their duty; but at the same time, in the absence of anything better, they liked it as Bell and Marie did, because, such as it was, it was a party, though only a school-feast. Old Admiral Trevor was seated in the sunniest spot—for warmth, as his daughters explained, was everything to him. He sat there, cooking in the heat of the August afternoon with poor Miss Trevor close by, divided between the necessity of being close to him and the love of the grateful shade behind. The old admiral talked a great deal, mumbling between his toothless gums with the greatest energy, and very indignant when he was asked a second time what he had said. Miss Trevor, though she was deaf and used an ear-trumpet, always heard her father, and was very quick and clever in interpreting him, so as to save what she called "unpleasantness." Beside the Trevors were the Westlands—the whole four of them—father, mother, son, and daughter. They were new people, and therefore deeply impressed with the necessity of "countenancing" the parish in which they had bought a house and park, and which they tried to patronise as if it belonged to them. They were very rising people, very rich, and fond of finding themselves in good company, even at a school-feast; for naturally such people get on much better in town, where there are all sorts of visitors, than in the country where everybody knows all about their pedigree and belongings. Dolly's only real help was Miss Matilda Trevor, the second daughter of the admiral, a plain, good woman, but so shortsighted that she had to put her nose into everything before she could see it. Some of the smaller lights of Markham, Mrs. Booth and her niece, from Rosebank, and young Mrs. Rositer, the doctor's wife, might have been of a little use; but their heads were turned by the offer the rector

inadv  
reserv  
lawn.  
of  
"pos  
ing  
peopl  
ladie  
Dolly  
punc  
make  
each  
day,  
from  
trum  
Mrs.  
Th  
disc  
to h  
ever  
walk  
as th  
peop  
to s  
busy  
not  
imp  
an  
about  
that  
of v  
sail  
the  
crie  
"I  
wor  
him  
"S  
anp  
sea  
dov  
—  
bla  
wh  
try  
a  
sci  
he  
ma  
mi  
'an  
ma



inadvertently made of the chairs reserved for the Markhams on the lawn. When they had such a chance of distinction, of making their "position" quite apparent, and showing their equality with the county people, who could wonder that these ladies threw over the children, and Dolly, though not without many compunctions! Poor ladies! they did not make very much of it; they talked to each other which they could do any day, and now and then got a word from Miss Trevor, who poked out her trumpet for the answer, frightening Mrs. Rossiter out of her wits.

This, however, accomplished Dolly's discomfiture, leaving her altogether to herself. It was a pretty scene, as everybody said. The people who were talking about the garden dropped off as the afternoon went on, but the great people sat it out; though they paused to say it was a pretty scene, they were busy with their own talk, and had nothing else to do that was of any importance. The admiral had got into an argument with Lord Westland about the new ironclads—if argument that could be called which consisted of vituperation on the part of the old sailor and amiable remonstrances from the new lord.

"Ships," the bigoted old seaman cried, the foam flying from his lips, "I doncall'em ships." He ran his words into each other, which made him very difficult to understand. "Shtinking old tin-kettles, old potsh-anpans, that's what I call 'em. Set a seaman afloatin'em shlike puttin'em-downamine. I don' callit afloat."

"My dear sir," said Lord Westland, blandly, "there may be something in what you say; but we might as well try to confine the waves of the sea, as a certain king did, as to keep back science. Science, admiral, must have her way."

"Let'erhav'erway," cried the old man, "down to the bottom if sheshamine. One good seamansh worth more 'ana shipload o'philosophers. Let'em-man'erownships; let'em man their own

ships. Crew o'philosophers 'shtead o'seamen. Bust their boilers's often 'shtheylike and devil a harm."

"He says the new ships should have crews of philosophers," said Miss Trevor, tranquilly, putting up her hand to silence the anxious "I did not catch your last remark," to which Lord Westland was about to give utterance. The peer shook his indulgent head.

"My dear admiral, philosophers, though it may please you and me, who are old-fashioned, to rail at them, are rapidly becoming the masters of the world."

"Mashters-o fiddlshticks," said the old sailor. "Put'emdown the d——d ratholes, shes how theylikeit emshelves. Old coalmines under water, call that a ship! None o' God's air, none o' God's light—all machines an'gas-burnersh. Smash 'erownconsortsh—run everythin' down—'chept enemish!" he sputtered forth triumphantly, with a laugh of angry triumph in his own argument.

"He says they run everything down, except the enemy," said Miss Trevor. "I should like myself to know why there are so many collisions nowadays. My father says it is all science and boilers. Why is it, Lord Westland?" And she put up that ear-trumpet, of which everybody was afraid, for her noble neighbour's use.

"Did you hear that last piece of news about the Markhams?" said Lady Westland. "All off at a moment's notice, the very day they were expected here. They really ought to have waited and showed themselves, and not given colour to all the stories that are about."

"Are there stories about? I have not heard any. Markham only came home two days ago. Do you mean about the ministry? Is it supposed to be insecure?"

"Oh, no," cried Lady Westland, with an ineffable smile. "The ministry!—oh, no, Mr. Stainforth; that is much too well secured with the best and most influential support. The opposi-

tion need not trouble themselves about that."

Lady Westland looked at her husband with honest admiration. He was a consistent supporter of government—and standing, as he did, with his legs wide apart and his shoulders squared, anticipating with dread the necessity of speaking into the trumpet and preparing himself for the effort, he looked a very substantial prop.

"Ah, to be sure," said the rector. "I forgot for the moment we take different sides."

"My dear rector, how you, a dignified clergyman and a man of family, can take the Liberal side!" said Lady Westland. "It seems more than one can believe. But, oh no—oh dear no! of course I would not for the world say a word to weaken old ties or change convictions. An opinion that has stood the test of years is a sacred thing. But I did not mean anything political. Don't you know, dear Mr. Stainforth, the very sad stories that are told everywhere about Paul?"

"What has Paul been doing?" said the old rector. He did not himself very much approve of Paul. Staying up to read was a new sort of idea which had not been thought of in his day. He did not much believe in young fellows reading when a set of them got together. "Much more likely they are staying up for some mischief," he had said when he heard of it, and in consequence he was not disinclined or unprepared to hear that there were stories about Paul.

"Did not you hear what he did? He brought some frightful Radical agitator, some public-house politician—so they say—to the Chase, and made poor Lady Markham take him in, and gave her all sorts of trouble. I believe Sir William has scarcely spoken to him since for being so silly. But we all know what a devoted mother Lady Markham is. For my part, I think one's husband has the first claim. And now they say he is inveigled into some engagement, and is going to be

sent off to the Colonies and got rid of in that way."

"I think there must be some mistake," said the rector. "Men don't send their heirs to the Colonies, nor get rid of them, except for very serious causes."

"Oh, I am so glad you stand up for Paul! I will never believe it," said Ada Westland. "Paul inveigled into any engagement! How could you believe it, Mr. Stainforth? He is as proud as Lucifer. He thinks none of us fit to pick up his handkerchief. Oh, I know, we are all supposed to be on our promotion, waiting till he may be pleased to look at us. I—and Dolly too—but he never did condescend to look at us. If he were to marry, after that, a girl off the streets—"

"Ada, my love, for Heaven's sake take care how you talk!"

"Oh, there is nobody but the rector, mamma, and he knows we girls are not such fools as we are made to look. If Paul Markham were to marry that sort of person, I should laugh. It would be our revenge—Dolly's and mine—whom he never would condescend to look at. It would be nuts to me."

"Did you ever hear anything so vulgar?" said Mrs. Booth to Mrs. Rossiter. "I never could abide that girl. They have all thrown her and themselves at Paul Markham's head. New people as they are, and shoddy people, they would give their eyes to have her married into such an old county family."

"But it is not true about Dolly," said the doctor's wife. "Dolly has not such a notion in her head. Her mind is full of the parish, and her father, and Frank. I don't believe such an idea as getting married ever crossed her mind at all."

"Hem!" said Mrs. Booth, with a doubtful little cough, "I should not like to swear to that. What did you say, Lady Westland—haven't I heard it? Well, I have heard something about strange visitors. It appears there have been several people at

Markham lately whom nobody has been asked to meet."

"That is very significant; I call it very significant. When one's own friends cease to introduce their friends to us, it is a token that all is not well. Don't you think so?" said Lady Westland, softly smiling on the doctor's wife.

Mrs. Rossiter's sympathies were all with the victims who were being assailed. But the Westlands were very fine people, much more "difficult to know" than the Markhams, and the doctor had not yet got a very distinct footing at the Towers. His young wife thought of her husband's position, and acquiesced with a sigh.

"But it is not like them," she said. "The Markhams are so hospitable; they are such nice people; they are always kind."

"Yes, they ask all sorts of people. It is extraordinary the people one meets there," Lady Westland said; which made Mrs. Rossiter's cheek flame, and was a very just recompense to her for her infidelity. And then there was a pause, and the boom of Admiral Trevor's bass, and the titillation of his sh's came in like the chorus. He was still holding forth on the subject of the *Devastation*.

"I don't wish 'em any harm," said the old sailor; "I wish-e-may all go down in port like that one t'other day. Wish-em wher-er shure to be looked after. No, blesh us all—no harm!"

Meanwhile the games were going on merrily enough in the paddock. Dolly flew about for three people. She set the little ones afloat in one game, and the big ones in another. The Markhams were still her best allies, Bell throwing herself into the rounds and dances of the infants with characteristic vigour; but Harry and Roland stood apart and whispered to each other, with their hands in their pockets. They would have taken the boys off to play cricket, had that been in the programme.

"No, I will not have it," Dolly said.

"For once in a way they shall be together. It's bad enough when they grow up, when all the boys troop off for their own pleasure, and never think what the girls are doing. It's time enough to break up a party and make sects when they're grown up," Dolly said. The boys stared, and did not understand her. But it was natural enough that she should be angry. Frank's cricket match was rankling in his sister's mind. And Dolly thought that "for once in a way" Paul Markham might have thought of old friends. It was sure to be his fault that even Alice had failed her; Dolly had no idea how it could be his fault, but she was sure of it. Her heart was full of fury as she flew about from one group of children to another, struggling against their tendency to fall into detached parties, and let the amusements flag. "It is far more their parish than it is mine; they will always have it," she said to herself. When it began to be time for the children to disperse, and the conclusion of her labours approached, she was so far carried away by her feelings as to forget that the Miss Trevor who had helped her with the tea, but had been standing helplessly about since, always in the way, was the short-sighted one, and not the deaf one. "Oh, I wonder why all these people don't go away?" she cried. "Haven't they got dinners waiting at home? Why do they stay so long? I am sure I don't want to have to go and entertain them after the children go away." And then poor Dolly recollected with horror that Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Rossiter were to stay for a high tea, and that the doctor was to come in to join them. "Oh," she cried, in her vexation, "I shall not get rid of them to-night."

"Of whom are you speaking, my dear!" said Miss Trevor, astonished—which brought Dolly to herself; and, fortunately, Miss Trevor could not see that it was her own party, and the rest of the people on the lawn, whom Dolly meant. "I am afraid we must be

going very soon," she added, with regret. "I am sorry not to stay and help you to the end. But dear papa must not be exposed to the night dew."

Dolly had to marshal the children for a march round, leading them in front of the company on the lawn, and conducting the chorale (as the schoolmistress called it) which they sang before they broke up. This was what the fine people had remained for, and all the parish would have been disappointed had they not stayed. But, notwithstanding, it was hard upon her, tired as she was, to have to stand and receive their compliments, and to be told that it had been "such a pretty scene."

"I enjoyed it very much," said Lady Westland, "I assure you; I only came to do a duty and countenance you, my dear Dolly; but I quite enjoyed it."

"We came to scoff, and we remained to play," said Ada; while Lord Westland squared his shoulders, and threw out his chest, and repeated his wife's observation about the pretty scene.

"And I hope you will always calculate on me to give my countenance whenever it is wanted," he said.

Dolly, though so tired, had to stand and smile, and look gratified by all their compliments. And what was worse, when they had all at last been got away, there rose up from behind the chairs on which Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Rossiter, waiting with the ease of *habitués* till all was over, had seated themselves again after their leave-takings, a tall and gawky figure, dark in the fading light.

"Mr. Westland is going to stay, Dolly, to share our evening meal, though I have told him it will be a homely one," the rector said, not without a tone of apology in his voice. Another voice, high up in the air, muttered something about the greatest pleasure. But Dolly took no notice. This was the worst infliction of all. She let herself drop into the wicker-work chair with the cushions, which

Lady Westland had declared to be so comfortable.

"I thought they were never going away," she said with angry candour. "I am so tired. I so wanted a little peace."

The rector and young Westland both knew the meaning of this speech, but neither ventured to reply.

Mrs. Booth, however, stretched out her hand and gave the girl a friendly pinch. "They are the most important people in the county, Dolly."

"No, indeed, that they are *not*," the girl cried loud out. She was not one to desert her friends, even though they might not be so good to her as she had hoped. But as Mrs. Booth's remark had been made in a whisper, no one knew exactly to what this prompt contradiction referred.

At supper Mr. Westland was of course placed at Dolly's right hand. If he was not the most important young man in the neighbourhood, he was nominally of the highest rank, and would no doubt have taken precedence anywhere of Paul Markham. He was very tall, and very lean, an overgrown, lanky boy, with big projecting eyes, which were full of meaning when he looked at Dolly—or at least of something which he intended for meaning. He did not talk very much, but he gazed at her constantly, which was very irritating to Dolly. Mr. Rossiter was a much more lively person. He came in in a state of high good-humour, which none of the party already assembled shared. Both the ladies who were Dolly's guests had grievances. They had sat on uncomfortable chairs all the afternoon by way of showing their identity with the best families, but the Westlands and the Trevors had taken very little notice of them. The doctor's wife for one felt that she had not been of that service to Dolly which Dolly had a right to expect, and yet that she had not asserted her husband's position in anything like a satisfactory way by this failure in friendship. The supper-table was not as lively as a

supper-table ought to be after a bright afternoon out of doors.

"I hope it all went off well," the doctor said as he looked round the languid party, and saw how little response there was in their faces to his cheery address and simple jokes.

"Oh, beautifully!" said young Westland, finding his voice with an effort; "like everything Miss Stainforth has to do with."

There was no murmur of response; and Dolly gave her champion a glance which drove him back trembling upon himself. Then Mrs. Booth said, stopping her knife and fork, "I think we missed Lady Markham." She said this as if it were a conclusion she had arrived at by a long process of reasoning; and then she returned to her cold chicken with renewed zest.

"That was it," cried Mrs. Rossiter, glad to hit upon something which relieved her own sense of guilt. "It was Lady Markham we wanted." She makes everything go smooth. She makes you feel that she takes an interest in you, and wants you to be comfortable."

"It is a pity," said the rector, "that such a pleasant type of character should so seldom be sincere."

"Papa," said Dolly, "I can bear a great deal—but if any one says any harm of the Markhams I will not put up with it. If they had been here I should not have had everything to do myself. If they had been here those tiresome people would have gone away at the right time, and everything would have gone right. Sincere! Do you think it is sincere to say nasty things, and get out of temper when one is tired—like me?"

And poor Dolly nearly cried; till the doctor threatened her with a mixture to be taken three times a day; when she made a great effort, and shook off her evil disposition. Besides she had fired her shots right and left, wounding two bosoms at least, and there was an ease to the mind in that which could not be gainsaid.

"But I hear there are unpleasant

stories afloat about the Markhams," the rector said at his end of the table. "I hope my old friend, Sir William, has not been remiss in his duties. A father should never give up his authority, even to his wife. I fear among them," he added, shaking his white head, "they have done everything they could to spoil Paul."

"So I hear," said Mrs. Booth, shaking hers. But nobody knew what was the real charge against the Markhams, or what it was that Paul had done. And after Dolly's profession of faith in them, which was something like an accusation against the others, these others might shake their wise heads, and communicate between themselves their adverse opinions, but before Dolly there was not another word to say.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE rectory of Markham Royal was a very good living—a living intended for the second son of the reigning family when there was a second son; and indeed it was more than probable that Roland Markham, when he grew up, would have to "go in for" the Church, in order to take advantage of this family provision. Sir William, being in his own person the third son of his family, and the youngest, there was nobody who had a claim upon it when he came into possession of the title and estates; for the Markhams of Underwood, who were the next heirs, and who had been very confident in their hopes up to the moment of Sir William's marriage—a wrong which they had never forgiven—had but one son, who was too old to be cut into clerical trim. This was how Mr. Stainforth had got the living. He had held it for nearly thirty-five years, and had been a good rector enough, jogging on very easily, harming nobody, and if not particularly active in his parish, at least quite amiable and inoffensive, friendly with all the best families, and not uncharitable to the poor. He had a little



money of his own, and had kept a good table, and returned to a certain degree the civilities of his richer neighbours. And he had been able to keep a pretty little carriage for his wife as long as she lived, and for his daughter; and altogether to maintain the traditionary position which the rector of Markham Royal had always held in the county. Perhaps an in-offensive man who disturbs nobody is the one who can hold such a position best; just as it is better (though this rule has at present a brilliant exception) for a president of the Royal Academy to be not too distinguished a painter, and even sometimes for a bishop not to be too great a divine. Society prefers the suave and mediocre, and when a man acquires a high place in its ranks by reason of his profession, requires of him that he should be as little professional as possible. Mr. Stainforth was of the good old order of the squire-parson, the clerical country gentleman who respects abuses which are venerable, and deprecates any great eagerness about the way to heaven. Perhaps he had not very distinct views about heaven at all. Now and then he would preach a sermon about golden gates, and harps, and shining raiment, but it was seldom, if ever, of his own composition. In his own practice he thought it best to think as little about dying as possible, and he did not try to impose a different rule on his neighbours. He thought that it would most likely all come right somehow or other in the end, and that in the meantime there was not much good to be done by too much dwelling on the subject, which indeed is a view of the subject which a great many people are disposed to take. He had lived long enough to see all his sons and daughters established in life, which was a great matter. He had two girls who were very well married, and two sons with capital appointments, besides Frank, who was scrambling for his living somehow, and could manage to "get on"—and Dolly, who was too young

to cost very much. There was enough to provide for Dolly when the rector should die—and he felt that he had fully done his duty to his family. And he had done his duty to his parish. There was no more dissent than was inevitable; and Mr. Stainforth treated it as inevitable, and did not interfere with it. He was very reasonable on this subject—so reasonable that the curates he had generally disagreed with him violently; and he was at the present period taking the duty alone, though it was somewhat laborious, rather than attempt to regulate the young assistant priest who set up confessions, or the muscular young parson who instituted games.

"Let the people alone," was Mr. Stainforth's rule, to which these hot-headed young neophytes without experience would give no faith. Sometimes he would be quite eloquent on the subject. "Let the chapel alone," he would say. "What can we do in the Church with the emotions, especially among the poor? A washerwoman who has feelings wants her chapel. It makes her a great deal happier than you or I could do. All that does the Church good. And let the others peg away at me if they please. It keeps Spicer amused, and keeps him out of more mischief."

Spicer was the village grocer, against whom all the young men hurled themselves and their arguments in vain. But the rector dealt with Spicer, and always had a chat with him when he passed the shop-door. There was a mutual respect between them.

"But our rector, I don't say nothing against him," Spicer would say at the end of his speech, when there was any demonstration in the neighbourhood in the dissenting interest; "he mayn't be much of a one for work, but he's a credit to the place." There was a great deal to be said for the head of the parish hierarchy who continued to get his things from you, blandly indifferent to the fact that you were a dissenter, and in despite of all those co-operative societies

which  
than  
West  
town  
sm  
chap  
cland  
a pro  
arriv  
The  
To hi  
a Mo  
groce  
which  
Th  
econ  
Mr.  
and  
curat  
order  
recol  
felt  
and  
of th  
had  
from  
of th  
roun  
as a  
her  
cloth  
meet  
year  
about  
a w  
How  
child  
wom  
to se  
elev  
half  
mira  
the c  
of th  
the  
the  
dien  
got  
sway  
did  
in th  
and  
man  
as t  
N



which drive grocers to a keener frenzy than any Church establishment. Lord Westland got all his things down from town, and so did the doctor and the smaller magnates; while even the chapel minister was known to have a clandestine hamper, given out to be a present from some supporter, but arriving suspiciously once a month. The rector, however, never swerved. To him the parish was the parish, and a Markham Royal grocer the proper grocer for Markham Royal—a principle which could not but have its reward.

This was the chief reason, and not economy, as many people said, why Mr. Stainforth did the duty himself, and had no curate. Dolly was his curate. She had been born in the order, so to speak, and none could recollect the time when she had not felt it her duty to set an example, and carried more or less the burden of the parish upon her shoulders. She had been dedicated, like young Samuel, from her earliest years to the service of the Temple. She set out upon her round of visits every day as regularly as any curate could have done, had her days for the schools, and her clothing clubs, and her mothers' meetings, at which the seventeen-year-old creature discoursed the women about their duties to their families in a way which was beautiful to hear. How she could know so much about children was a standing wonder to the women; but it was just as astounding to see her calculate the interest upon elevenpence ha'penny at four and a half per cent; indeed a great deal more miraculous to some of us. She played the organ in church; she took charge of the decorations. She watched all the sick people, careful to observe just the right moment when it was expedient "to send papa;" and the parish got on very pleasantly under the joint sway of the father and daughter. It did not make a very great appearance in the diocesan lists of subscriptions, and there was no doubt that a great many of the people who had feelings, as the rector said, went to the little

Wesleyan chapel. But Mr. Stainforth did not mind that. It was a safety valve; and so was the Bethel chapel, in the nearest town, to which Spicer went every Sunday, which was much less tolerant than Bethesda, and hurled all manner of denunciations against the Church. Sometimes the neighbouring incumbents would warn the rector that his village was a hotbed of mischief, and be very severe on the subject of his excessive tolerance. But Mr. Stainforth was seventy-six, and not likely to live long enough to see any of the great earthquakes with which they threatened him. "There will be peace in my time," he said.

This supineness did not displease Sir William, who, though in opposition, held fast to the old Whig maxims of freedom of opinion, and preferred to conciliate the dissenters, with an eye to the general elections and their political support generally. He went very regularly to church at the head of his fine family, but there was always a consciousness in him that, much as he should regret it, it might possibly be his duty one day or other to assail the establishment; and he thought it a point of honour not to show any exaggerated attachment to it now which might be turned into reproaches afterwards. Neither did the Trevors object at all to Mr. Stainforth's easy good-temper. The things they were afraid of were the Pope, and the Jesuits, whom they supposed to be lurking under every hedgerow. So long as the rector kept ritualism at bay they found no fault with him. The Westlands, however, were very strong on the opposite side. They were people who endeavoured always to do as persons of their rank ought to do, and they liked a high ritual just as they liked high life. Though they "countenanced" the school-feast, and were always ready to do their duty in this way in the parish, yet they never let slip an opportunity of expressing their opinion of the rector's weakness.

"But we have no influence," Lady Westland said. "The living is in the

hands of the Markhams. Though they are commoners they were settled here before us, and therefore have the advantage of us in a great many ways."

It was a bold thing to say this in the very district where it was well known the Markhams had been established for centuries, and where Lord Westland had acquired the Towers by purchase only about a dozen years before. But if there was one quality upon which Lady Westland prided herself it was courage. She was somewhat bitter about the Markhams altogether. There were so many things in which they had the advantage of her. To be sure, she took precedence of Lady Markham whenever they met, and walked triumphantly out of the room before her; but she could not but be aware that in most other ways the baronet's wife had the best of it. The Chase had been in the Markham family for generations, whereas Westland Towers was painfully new; and to come to still more intimate particulars, Paul Markham was a young man of distinction, whereas George Westland, though an honourable, was nothing but an overgrown school-boy. Ada, indeed, was quite as handsome, perhaps handsomer, than Alice, and much cleverer: but she did not receive the same attention. Ada was withal rather a difficult young woman, who gave her parents a great deal of trouble. She took a pleasure in running her talk to the very edge of evil, and made every kind of daring revelation about herself and her family, putting her mother's secret intentions into large type and publishing them abroad. She liked to see the flutter of semi-horror, semi-incredulity with which her bold sayings were received. She liked to shock people; but perhaps, at the same time, she made a shrewd calculation that, when she published what seemed to be to her own disadvantage, nobody would believe her. This, however, was not so successful an expedient

as appeared. When she said that Paul had been expected to throw his handkerchief at her, nobody took it for an impertinent volley of extravagance on her part. It was vain that she involved Dolly in it. In the very faces of her auditors Ada saw the truth reflected back to her; and thus, though she would not have hesitated to marry the heir of the Markhams, she could not excuse the family for what they brought upon her. Lord Westland was not a man to feel the stings which hurt his wife and daughter. He was protected by a much higher opinion of himself; but even he felt a certain annoyance with "my friend Markham," who was listened to more respectfully, and looked up to with much more trust than he. Lord Westland took this as an instance of the folly and stupidity of country people, but yet he felt it in his heart.

Thus the one family was to the other what Mordecai was to Haman. Lady Westland kept her ears always open to hear anything to the disadvantage of the Markhams. Paul's youthful vagaries, and even the little scrapes which Harry and Roland got into at school she seized upon with eagerness. She was as much interested in chronicling these misdeeds as if they had been so many items to her advantage; but, notwithstanding everything, the Markhams always came off the best. George Westland got into more scrapes at school than all of them put together; and now that he had come home, and had finished his education, what must he do, this heir to a peerage, this only son of so rich and important a house, but go sighing and gaping after Dolly Stainforth, who was no more than the parson's daughter! His mother and sister were driven almost wild by the mere suspicion of this. And not only was it day by day more evidently true, but it even became apparent to them that George for once had reached a point from which he would neither be bullied nor frightened. He let

them  
he to  
W  
been  
angry  
sady  
Mark  
prese  
sence  
back  
She  
tume  
Why  
alway  
Why  
one y  
to he  
servi  
nesse  
Dolly  
West  
have  
and I  
thoug  
toget  
Chase  
boy.  
of lif  
wove  
Th  
the r  
The o  
life,  
rheum  
the g  
him,  
scrup  
life w  
cold  
Miss  
was d  
what  
secon  
papa,  
comm  
her p  
assid  
good  
was v  
to pl  
const  
Booth  
the  
again

them say whatever they pleased, but he took his own way.

What Dolly thought of this has been already seen. Dolly, who was angry at her brother's defection and sadly wounded by the failure of the Markhams, resented George Westland's presence more than she did the absence of the others, and turned her back upon him, rejecting his services. She treated him with absolute contumely, impatient of his very look. Why is it that the wrong person will always present himself in such cases? Why, when a girl's fancy is caught by one youth, will another attach himself to her side, and devote himself to her service, to have all the little carelessnesses of the other resented upon him? Dolly had not a word to say to young Westland. She would have liked to have pushed him aside out of her way; and Paul perhaps had not given one thought to Dolly since they danced together at the children's balls at the Chase, while he was still a school-boy. Thus the threads in the shuttle of life mix themselves up and get all woven the wrong way.

\* The Trevors were happily beyond the reach of all tremors of this kind. The old admiral lived a kind of mummy life, swathed in flannels against the rheumatism, and in bandages against the gout, with his food weighed out to him, and his wine measured by the too-scrupulous care of his daughter, whose life was spent in guarding him against cold and indigestion and excitement. Miss Trevor, the eldest, though she was deaf, always heard and understood what he said; but Miss Matilda, the second, never understood her dear papa, and had constantly to have his commands repeated to her. Between her parish work, in which she was assiduous, and her dear papa, this good soul's existence was full. She was very humble-minded, and anxious to please everybody, but yet she was constantly giving offence to Mrs. Booth, whom she sometimes passed in the road, and sometimes brushed against at the church door, without

seeing. Thus her inoffensive life was diversified by a succession of little quarrels, wholly unintentional, and which the poor lady could not understand. But these were the only palpitations in her calm existence; and her sister was free even from such agitation. She gave herself up to the housekeeping, and to reading the newspapers, which she did every morning, from beginning to end, specially dwelling upon all the naval debates and letters about the construction of ships. To give the admiral his "nourishment" at the proper time, to see that the carriage came round exactly at the right moment, to regulate the length of the drive to a moment, this was "a woman's work," and absorbed the admiral's daughter in all the rigidity of routine. Thus life went on—as if it would never end.

As this history is for once to dwell in the highest circles, and deal only with people who may be called county people, and were of the highest importance in the district, it is scarcely necessary to speak of the smaller gentry. There were one or two small proprietors who farmed their own land, or who had so little land that it was scarcely worth farming, who lived about the skirts of the parish, and scarcely counted among its aristocracy. Some of these were so much nearer other parish churches that they did not even come to church at Markham Royal. Sir William Markham owned almost the whole of the parish. He had widened out his borders year by year during the long time he had held the property, and swallowed up various decaying houses of old squires. Such a little villa as Rosebank could not make any claim to be considered among the very smallest proprietors, and it was more to her devotion to the church than to anything else that Mrs. Booth owed her social elevation. She was very good in the parish. She and her niece visited the poor assiduously, and were familiar every-day

visitors at the rectory, and so insensibly saw themselves received everywhere. They were the agents of almost every scheme of social improvement, always ready to act for the greater ladies, who had less time to spare, and content to pick up the crumbs of society from these great folks' tables. Though they were quite insignificant in themselves they were in the midst of everything, and not unimportant members of the society which admitted them on sufferance, yet ended by being somewhat dependent upon them. If ever Miss Trevor enjoyed a holiday from her close attendance on her father, it was when Mrs. Booth had the carriage sent for her before luncheon and came to spend the day, with her dinner-dress and her cap in a little box. She could manage to guess at what the admiral meant, and she would play at backgammon with him, or read the newspapers, while Jane Trevor rested her weary soul in her own room, writing a detailed report to her aurist, or putting a few new verses into a

book with a Bramah lock, which held the confidences of her life. It was Miss Booth who was the most popular of the two at Westland Towers, where Ada liked to have a hanger-on. But in the rectory they were both in their element—more familiar, and constantly interfering with Dolly, whom they both were very fond of, and whom they worried considerably. Rosebank had a balance and pendant in Elderbower, where lived an Indian officer and his family; but the Elders were a large family very much occupied with each other, with the cares of education, and making both ends meet; and consequently they took little part in what was going on, and need not be counted at all.

This was the circle which encompassed the Markhams like a chorus, like the ring of spectators which is always found encircling combatants in all classes. In this arena, round which were ranged all the bystanders, was about to be enacted the drama of their family life.

*To be continued.*

THE  
natu  
rece  
sive  
with  
Cox  
who  
take  
stud  
ness  
dist  
fini  
say  
T  
sket  
natu  
in  
no  
clin  
dex  
obv  
Ru  
abo  
say  
"go  
by  
nat  
I  
how  
atta  
I  
tha  
his  
I si  
self  
—t  
pro  
my  
qua  
Ac  
1  
tion  
2  
kin  
Exl  
som  
con  
our

## ON THE ART OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE IN WATER COLOURS.<sup>1</sup>

THE art of sketching directly from nature in water colours has, until recent years, belonged almost exclusively to England, and we associate with it such well-known names as Cox, De Wint, Müller, and Cotman, whose best works may be said to partake more of the character of out-door studies, *possessing a certain completeness*, than of finished pictures.<sup>2</sup> The distinction between *completeness* and *finish* emphasises what I am going to say in my lecture.

To paint what I call a complete sketch, it is necessary to catch nature, as it were, and reproduce her in one particular mood. This is by no means an easy task in a changeable climate like ours, and requires both dexterity and rapidity—qualities so obviously necessary, that even Professor Ruskin, who has written so usefully about careful work and finish, now says (in his *Laws of Fesolé*) that "good painting can only be acquired by rapid and various practice from nature."

It will be my endeavour to explain how rapidity of execution can best be attained.

It is reported of Fuseli, the R.A., that in reply to some question as to his mode of painting he said: "First I sits myself down—then I works myself up—then I throws in my shades—then I pulls out my lights." I propose for the introductory part of my lecture to make use of these quaint utterances of the eccentric Academician.

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered at the London Institution in December, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> There are some capital examples of both kinds of art in the present Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, where the sketchy bold work of some Dutch artists is brought into striking contrast with the elaborate finish of some of our English water colours.

First, with regard to sitting down. I wish to impress upon those who paint out of doors how necessary it is to be comfortably seated, and to have all their appliances in what is called "ship-shape" round about them; any mishap, such as upsetting a water-bottle, or losing brushes in the grass, may prove serious in working upon a changing cloud or fleeting shadow. The new four-legged stools are very much more comfortable than those with three legs, and capital easels of all kinds and sizes are now made. Except for small drawings, some kind of easel is indispensable; and I generally use a second camp-stool to hold my box and water, finding that I can paint more rapidly and earnestly with both hands free. Believe me that you will find painting quite difficult enough without making it more difficult by a want of comfort. I once discovered a young lady on the small balcony at the very top of St. Peter's, leaning against the rails with her box and dip at her feet, trying to paint a general view of Rome upon a loose bit of paper! It is the lady artists more especially who try to paint out of doors without any of the necessary appliances, to the detriment both of their painting and their health. I don't think that any of the writers on painting, not excepting Mr. Hamerton, have said half enough on this subject. Let amateurs who discard comfort take a lesson from a professional painter like Millais who, when he is going to paint a landscape, does not hesitate to have a house built, with a plate-glass window and a fireplace.

Of course there are some who will reply to all this, "Oh, I can do well enough;" but I am addressing myself to those who want to do more than well enough.

Obtain if possible chairs or anything you want from a neighbouring house, and get your things carried if you have far to go. Hire a carriage if you are not a good walker. It is useless trying to paint if you arrive at your destination hot and tired; and don't sit too long at one drawing;—a period of two hours and a half or three hours is quite sufficient for one sitting. Of course in sunshine you must have an umbrella, unless you have already chosen a shady place.

Secondly. In regard to working oneself up, I think it will be admitted that the student is more likely to excel if he is pleased with his subject (perhaps I ought to say "she" with so many ladies present). The true artist ought to feel some sort of excitement or enthusiasm when looking at a beautiful scene, and as this feeling is not likely to exist when looking at an ugly or commonplace subject, I say—leave it alone. You should read in Sir Joshua Reynolds's wonderful lectures his strictures upon those artists who devote time and talent to unworthy subjects. As to the very important question of choosing subjects, I shall have something to say as we go on.

Thirdly. With reference to throwing in the shades, you will readily understand what an important part of painting this is. It may be said of all parts of a picture that they ought not to look painted; but it may be said emphatically of shadows. Remember that shadows are caused by the absence of direct light, and that a shadow on the ground or on trees represents a part of the landscape as it would appear without direct sunlight. This will prevent you from making your shadows too black or dark—a very common fault. I have been speaking chiefly of surface shadows, not darkness produced by hollows or projections. These are different, and you should observe when painting rocks or cliffs, that in every hole or crack the shade will be full of reflected light from the ground and near objects—

especially if the day is sunny—and all the upper edges will have cold bluish lights from the sky above.

Tennyson describes a cave thus illuminated—

"The green light from the meadows  
underneath  
Struck up and lived along the milky  
roofs."<sup>1</sup>

In the afternoon and at sunrise, when the sun's light passes through a medium which absorbs the blue rays, and the lights on the earth become warm, the shadows may be cool, but generally, and certainly in broad daylight, the shadows are warm. (I will try to explain presently about warm and cold colours.) The distant shadows on hills and cliffs often appear to be more blue than they really are, especially to beginners. Rose madder, light red, or vermilion will neutralise the blue, and even a little yellow may at times be necessary; but the greatest care must be taken to preserve an even surface in shadows—ragged shadows will spoil any drawing.

What makes near surface shadows often appear so very distinct is not that they are especially dark, but that they are in strong contrast with the surrounding light. To get this contrast I think the shadows must be painted as transparently as possible, and a small amount of body colour may be mixed with the lights. Take, for example, a road or path with the sun shining down upon it and upon groups of animals and figures; the transparent shadows may be made to "tell" in a very decided way by using a *soupeon* of white in painting the sunny roadway. Except in this way I scarcely ever use any body colour.

In regard to *lights*, I may mention that in water-colour painting there are three, or I may say four, ways of rendering lights, called technically—"leaving out," "rubbing out," "scraping," and "putting on with body

<sup>1</sup> Here the lecturer exhibited a diagram and several pictures to explain the marked effect of reflected light in shadows.



colour." These methods are quite distinct, and the adoption of any particular one makes it necessary to use particular paper. Paper that is absorbing, like Harding's, takes body colour readily, but won't stand scraping out, so I generally use "*thin rough Whatman*," which, when it is pasted down upon a strained piece of paper, or cardboard, will stand anything. Most artists keep their sketches and paint pictures from them, but I think it is advisable now and then to convert a sketch from nature (perhaps one larger than your usual size) into a finished picture. You will find that you work more systematically and carefully if you have this end in view, and you should make separate studies to aid you in carrying out any particular idea. I think it is easier to scrape out a small light than to leave it, or you can leave it partially and then get the part into shape by scraping, and you can easily get any scraped part smooth and even by *stippling*.

This brings me to a process which all students ought to practise. By the aid of stippling you can get evenness and flatness, and also distance, finish, and texture. You can imitate smoke or foam, rough wood or stone. There is fine stippling as well as coarse, and *hatching*, a still coarser process. The finer stippling is done by filling up with rather a dry brush every light speck or inequality, and modifying every dark mark until the whole surface looks even and uniform. Any background done in this way will make objects which are left or erased stand out very plainly. Rubbing and taking out may be done softly with leather and more roughly with rags; and of course india rubber, and bread, will take out any part of the colour which has been wetted.

I think it is very important to have plenty of rags—nice old soft rags—and never to use them after they are soiled. Bear in mind that both lights and darks tell more if carefully gradated. Model drawing will teach you much in this way. Mr. Ruskin describes

how Turner used to drive the wet colour to the edge of a dark or light, although he was not given to many dodges. Keep your lights clean and tone them down gradually. A small amount of bright paint used with much water is often more valuable than a large quantity of dull colour. Thus vermilion and bright yellows may be used (sparingly, of course) even for skies of the palest hue.

I will now say a few words about "glazing," or putting one colour over another instead of mixing them. We will suppose you want to produce a very bright violet; you will find that you can only do this by glazing the blue over the lake when dry. If you mix the two first, the violet will not be nearly so luminous and bright. I believe it was discovered by the great masters of the Venetian School that this system of glazing was important, not only to secure brilliancy, but to ensure permanence; chemical changes are apt to take place if colours are too much mixed.

I don't deny that it is much more difficult to obtain a given tint by glazing several colours over each other than by mixing them first and getting the tint on the paper at once; but practice makes perfect, and I believe that a sketch from nature will often lack freshness and brilliancy if all glazing is ignored. Let us apply the system to fields or distant sunny slopes, or masses of trees in sunshine. What I mean is that you ought not to paint them positive green all at once. It is better to put the green, which by itself does not convey the idea of sunshine, over warm colours.

I may give another example—some cold coloured stones, or buildings, or let us take a *slate roof*. If you try to match the colour at once, you will not get it to look nearly so sunny as if you paint first with pink and yellow, and then glaze with blue or gray, adding a *soupeçon* of white paint.

As we possess warm, and cold, transparent, and opaque colours, I say we should use them in the way most

likely to aid the artifice of painting. I do not agree with the theory that shadows and lights should be painted in exactly the same way. On the contrary, I think the student should try to vary his methods, just in the same way that an engraver uses dots, lines, and irregular work, to imitate flesh, drapery, or foliage.

I agree with Mr. Ruskin that placing transparent and opaque colours in juxtaposition should not be carried too far, so as to become a mannerism or a trick; still I think all students should bear in mind that *variety of treatment is the direct means of securing variety of effects.*

Perhaps it is as well that I should try to explain by a simple example what is meant by warm and cold colours or tints. Look at a plant in a window from inside a room; you will quickly observe that there is a marked contrast between the leaves *through which the sun shines*, and those upon which the light strikes. To represent the former, which are warm, I think you must generally have recourse to glazing, because the leaves, although green, look positively hot as compared to those upon which the light shines. You can get this warm appearance by glazing green over orange or yellow.<sup>1</sup>

Remember that light shining through any semi-transparent object is warm. This accounts for the salmon colours, and even red, below cold clouds, and bottle green in the most frigid of waves; try even thin marble of the coldest hue, and the effect is the same, because, as my friend Mr. Norman Lockyer observes, in his interesting notes in *Nature* on the Academy pictures, semi-transparent objects absorb the blue rays.

I ought to mention that a warm colour may become cold if you put a hotter colour next to it. Colour

<sup>1</sup> The lecturer held up some semi-transparent papers in front of a lamp to show that they looked warm when the light was shining through them, and cold with the light upon them—an experiment that any one can try by holding up the covers of this magazine against the light.

must always be relative as compared to form.

To the uninitiated, a field may appear all one uniform green, a heathery moor all pinky violet; but these are only the surfaces; look closely and underneath you will find plenty of warm yellow, and brown. Every tuft, every sprig of heath is a miniature plant in the window.

I will now say a few words about tones. Nothing is more puzzling to beginners than to determine between two very opposite colours as to which is the darkest in tone, or, to use a long word *monochromatically*. Instead of merely observing whether a thing is brown, or green, or blue, you should acquire the habit of judging whether it is warm, or cold, and *what is its tone in relation to objects near.*

This is of so much importance to secure the *completeness or truth*, of which I spoke at the beginning of my lecture, that you should try for a few seconds to look at nature with the eyes of an engraver, who has to copy a coloured picture without colours. The use of slightly gray spectacles will help you to do this. I use them also to keep off the glare of the white paper when I am first drawing my subject. One of the most serious mistakes made in reference to tone, is that of making a dark red setting sun darker than the sky through which it shines. It is quite possible, however, to have such a sun darker in tone than clouds situated higher in the sky above the dark atmosphere, through which the sun is shining.

You cannot have a better study of tones, than snow-covered ground (especially in the evening) or our beautiful white chalk cliffs. The tone of these, especially if in half shade against the sky, is difficult to paint. Indeed if you can do this correctly I think you don't want to learn any more about tones; but if you study the cliffs—and I may mention that it is very important to make a careful study of all objects before you attempt to paint them—you will notice that every pro-

jection has several faces which take different shades with different reflected lights from all sides. You will also observe that all holes or hollow places are full of warm reflected light from below, which, if not painted correctly, will prevent the cliffs from looking white. Don't try to paint the cliffs white all at once, but get the general warm colouring first, and then the angles which reflect the cold gray or bluish colour from the sky. Body colour white is peculiarly adapted to the colder parts as it is actually of a chalky nature, but very little of it is sufficient.

I am now going to approach a somewhat alarming subject, namely, *perspective*, but instead of telling you what you can read in any treatise on the subject, and taking you through those awful problems and journeys from A B C through the point K to D E F, and puzzling you with a multitude of lines, I propose to show you a simple rule—a carpenter's rule, with which you can measure correctly any angle required and trace it on to your paper. My folding rules are made by Kemp and Co., No. 9, Holden Terrace, Victoria Station; but any folding rule held up to the angles of a room or house will show you at once how easy it is to reproduce the object in perspective. A drawing done in this way may be tested by the ordinary rules and will be found to be absolutely correct. Of course there are other measurements that must be done by other methods, but the angles formed by lines converging to a point of sight are the most important.

As to measuring, I am pleased to find that our great art critic now permits us to measure as much as we like.

I think even tracing may be done if it will help to secure correct drawing. It was only by tracing one side after getting the other as correct as possible, that I was able to draw those exquisitely-formed domes near Cairo, called the tombs of the califs. It is by thus *halving* any equal-sided figure you can get it correct.

Let us now discuss what we should select to paint.

The most important thing is to select subjects which have what the Italians call a "*motivo*." Some feature which attracts the attention, some marked light or dark, something that will give special interest to your drawing. Without this the most praiseworthy sketch may be tame and uninteresting. Sometimes the motive may be twofold. Try to make your drawing tell a story. A ray of sun, a shadow, or shower, or a rainbow may appear opportunely. To do these you must be rapid, so take care that your apparatus is complete and simple. Sun, wind, and rain may prove awkward customers, and as to *midges*—without a veil they will crush you! With Mr. Fenn's permission I will read you an extract from his delightful book *Blind Man's Holiday*, written since the artist became blind:—

"Only think of those awful midges. It is impossible to forget them, and yet the thought is maddening. The irrepressible, the insignificant, the infusorial point-like atoms! What can I say that will describe the monstrous torture to which they subject the landscape painter? He may light fires of peat all round him, he may smoke himself silly, or scratch himself raw; he may oil himself like a salad, or bedevil himself like a kidney with all sorts of antidotes; he may put on a mask of gauze and become a ghostly terror to the children, but he cannot defy the sting of the outrageous midge. You slaughter him by myriads; you swallow him if you eat; you drink him if you drink; you paint him into your picture, until, rushing madly about like an infuriated bull, you spike yourself on your own camp-stool, knock down your easel, and strangle yourself with a tent-rope."

To escape from the midges we will rush into water. In painting masses of trees or other objects reflected in water, what the poet Keats describes as

"A crystal mocking of the trees and sky," you will find that two or three brushes ready charged with different colours will enable you to paint the variegated

downward streaks quickly, and with the blended effect they have in nature.

I think that slightly troubled water may, like almost everything else, be painted on a system, or with the knowledge of some system. If you watch a large surface of undulating waves, not caused by direct wind, you will observe that they have the appearance of hundreds of irregular diamonds or ovals, and after studying these carefully you will observe that the hollows and sides reflect separately the different objects above or opposite to them. Cliffs, trees, and clouds will all be reflected, downwards, in broken streaks through these diamond-shaped hollows or oval basins.

It may sound like a paradox, but I maintain that a picture, and certainly a sketch, may *not* be an exact imitation of a scene in nature viewed from one spot, and may yet convey to the spectator a better idea of the place than a drawing done literally, or a photograph. In painting a coast scene at Kildonan in Arran, I had to move a few yards to get rid of a mass of sea-weed which would have spoilt my picture. This dark sea-weed was an accident, but the sand was a characteristic of the whole sea-shore. An artist has this great advantage over a photographer that he can give effect to peculiar features. Sir Edwin Landseer may be quoted as the greatest example of an artist who knew exactly what to leave out.

I will now say a few words as to *washing and softening*.

If you find that you must take out an object which you have painted in rather strongly, use a small Turkey sponge<sup>1</sup> and blot off the colour with rags. For subduing or softening, large brushes are best, and a hog's hair brush is invaluable for some kinds of work. If you want to get a large sky even and soft, it is a good plan to lay your drawing flat and work over the sky with plenty of water. By thus keeping the drawing in a horizontal position you can get wonderful softness

and gradation even on rough paper. Smooth paper has its advantages, but colours certainly look more brilliant upon the thin rough Whatman paper. Some writers say that painting should be done all at once, and condemn what they call "messing," but I am quite sure that many of the cleanest looking drawings by some of our best artists have gone through more than one messy stage. Of course if you get a thing right it is better to leave it alone, at all events leave it until the rest of your work makes it look wrong. When a drawing has a hard and dry appearance you may treat it like a dirty child, and give it a bath, but this requires experience, and it is better to try your hand upon some old sketches first.

Not only in painting, but in everything, I think knowledge is best acquired by *actual experiments*. Don't mind a few failures, they will teach you quite as much as successes. By degrees you will acquire more and more certainty, until at last you will know *what you are going to do*. This is a sign of real advance. Never object to criticism. I have found even the remarks of children useful. Self-satisfaction is detrimental to good work. Remember that perfection is not to be attained in art—the greatest artist is always learning, and never reaches the goal towards which all his efforts are directed.

Learn to rely upon yourself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was asked by a student, going to Italy, what he ought to observe and study, and found himself greatly puzzled to answer. What he did say may be summed up as follows:—"If you have no talent or genius, it does not matter what you select or study. If you have talent or genius, you will find out for yourself."

The same great painter says in his *Discourses* (which I advise those to read who have not read them), that the rules of art are few and easily learnt; but nature is too infinitely various, too subtle, and beyond the power and retention of memory.

<sup>1</sup> These can be got at any chemist's.

You should therefore constantly study nature, and accumulate facts, never forgetting that all good art depends upon a subtle choice of what is most beautiful, interesting, or necessary to the work in hand. The power of selecting, and the knowledge of what is beautiful, are not easily acquired. My late sister, Mrs. Newton, who was endowed with genius and refinement, said of portrait-painting that it ought to be the "truth lovingly told." The remark applies equally to landscape-painting. As it is impossible to make an exact imitation of nature, you must discriminate. If you doubt what I say about the impossibility of copying nature exactly, I will ask you to consider for a moment what millions of small objects go to make up a landscape. Think of the grass and the flowers, the fern and heather, the trees with their innumerable leaves and branches—the earth and stones, cliffs and hills, with countless cracks and hollows all subject to different lights and shades! or if you are a marine painter, consider the millions of waves spreading over the ocean!

Will any one venture to say that a picture can represent *all* that we see? Well, as this is not possible, we must revert to the choice, to the discriminating sense of the painter. If, for instance, we try to copy *all* the markings upon a stone in sunshine, we lose the broad effect of light. Mr. Ruskin says, "In order that colour may be right, some markings necessary to express form must be omitted."

Good painting, and more especially sketching from nature, consist in generalising by short and simple methods. If you have not the rare gift of preserving the majesty and poetry of nature without rendering minutely all details and facts—if you are not a Turner or a Constable, rest satisfied with the amount of art used by Millais, Vicat Cole, and Brett, whose pictures bear the stamp of nature more conspicuously than that of art; but always remember that "art is nature passed through the alembic of man;"

or, as Bacon remarks, "*Homo additus natura.*"

No one can say that Turner's pictures are literally like nature. You will find curious inaccuracies, and apparent untruths, but all are done with a purpose, and the work as a whole conveys the idea which he meant to convey. All painting is an artifice,—a deception. Objects of all shapes must be made to look real upon a flat surface. Any one who can paint at all can execute individual parts, but to keep those parts in proper relation to each other, to make a picture, requires a broad comprehensive grasp, which denotes genius more surely than any other quality.

It may be said that no two artists see nature in the same way. Take four of our best men—De Wint, Cox, Turner, and Müller—utterly different from each other in style, and yet each truthful according to his lights. Look at the sombre unostentatious De Wint, and then at the pale, delicate, lively Turner. Compare these with a truthful simple Müller, or a daylighty Cox, so bright as to stand splashes of positive blue rubbed on the sky with a cake of paint! Can anything be apparently more different, and yet all are excellent, all are like nature. They must therefore have *something* in common. What is it? That is indeed the question! Shall we call it a higher kind of truth which exists in all good art (in poetry, sculpture, and music more especially), or shall we call it harmony or oneness? I cannot say, for I think it is indefinable; but I venture to repeat that this mysterious completeness, this adjustment of the whole, may exist in a sketch from nature even more than in a finished picture.

In conclusion, let me again advise you to lose no opportunity of observing nature. Whether you are walking, whether you are boating, or whether you are travelling by rail, look at all things worthy of notice, and study them. You may have before you a hundred miles of sea, or a few ox-eye daisies,

or a splendid mountain. Whatever it is, observe closely how the lights and shadows fall ; make notes of colours ; fill lots of sketch books ; and if you can't find a kindred spirit to go with you, *go alone*. Others may feel solitary, but the student of art ought not to know what it means. Truly may it be said of him or her, "Never less alone than when alone."

The following diagram shows a convenient arrangement of colours for landscape-painting. In doing rapid work out-of-doors, colours must be so arranged as to allow for accidental mixing. The hard cakes mentioned are those which are apt to run in a moist state. When colours get dry and hard, soak them and replenish out of tubes, otherwise you will wear out the points of your best brushes. For rapid sketching, thin

rough Whatman, properly stretched upon a board, is as good as any other paper. It should be strained over the edge of a board (not on the face), and glue should be used if the paper is required for immediate use, or strips of cardboard or tape may be tacked on round the edge of the board. In this way several sheets may be strained on the same board. Block books are better for drawing than for painting. Sketch books which fold in two are useful, and I have a large pocket made in the back of my coat to hold them. For large drawings, a light frame, with folding-up legs, is what I use ; my umbrella has a curtain which is very quickly fixed on, and by a simple contrivance the central stick is got to one side, out of the way of the sitter and easel.

WALTER SEVERN.

NOTE AS TO COLOURS AND APPARATUS.

|                                      |               |               |         |               |                           |               |               |               |           |                |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------|---------------|---------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|-----------|----------------|
| Vandyke Brown.                       | Neutral Tint. | Crimson Lake. | Cobalt. | Cyanine.      | Light Red.                | Yellow Ochre. | Burnt Sienna. | Yellow Ochre. | Aureolin. |                |
|                                      | Indigo.       |               |         | Madder Brown. | Emerald Green.            |               |               | Raw Sienna.   | Cadmium.  | Indian Yellow. |
| Half Cakes loose in the Box          |               |               |         |               |                           |               |               |               |           |                |
| Vermilion<br>Rose Madder<br>Gamboge. |               |               |         |               | Tube of<br>Chinese White. |               |               |               |           |                |



THE PENAL SERVITUDE COMMISSION.<sup>1</sup>

It is easy to surmise the reasons which moved the Crown, on the advice of the Home Secretary, to nominate a Commission to inquire into the working of the Penal Servitude Acts,—in other words, to examine the law and its administration in regard to convicts. Periodical inspection and criticism from without are the best antidote to the rust of routine in executive departments. And if penal establishments, which necessarily cannot always be open to the public gaze, would escape the mistrust which even partial secrecy is apt to evoke, they should welcome an occasional scrutiny by persons whose reputations are accepted vouchers for soundness and independence of judgment. A further argument for inquiry was supplied in the present instance by the transfer of the management of borough and county gaols from local authorities to the central Government. When considerable changes were being effected in the local gaols, the propriety of extending investigation to the convict prisons, where the greatest criminals expiate their offences, could hardly be open to question. But notwithstanding the sufficiency of such reasons for the issue of the Royal Commission, it would be vain to disguise its close connection with the proceedings in Parliament of some Irish members whose names are associated with the "policy of exasperation." Importance and persistence avail much in parliamentary government. And so long as any Irish political offenders remained captive in the convict prisons, complaints of their treatment were well-nigh incessant. Resolutions were brought forward, and speeches made by Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Connor

Power which challenged a vindication of the discipline applied to convicts. The former gentleman had expressly moved for the issue of a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject: and Mr. Cross throughout showed himself readier to concede than to refuse inquiry. His first intention apparently was to have an inspection of the convict prisons conducted by departmental commissioners, whom he had already appointed to regulate local gaols. But, better advised, on second thoughts he called into existence the more independent and authoritative body over which Lord Kimberley presided.

When this Commission, which presented its report towards the close of the last session, commenced its labours early in 1878, fifteen years had elapsed since a similar examination of the same subject. In 1863 the operation of the Penal Servitude Acts had been inquired into by another Royal Commission. Offspring, as it were, of the alarm into which the public were thrown by the still remembered epidemic of garrotte robberies, the Commission of 1863 breathed the spirit of the hour of its birth; and its report was responsive to the cry for increased severity in the treatment of criminals. Finding the dread of penal servitude as then carried out to be an insufficient restraint upon the criminal classes, those Commissioners recommended the infliction of longer sentences, a more stringent discipline within the prison walls, closer supervision of the convicts at large on license or "ticket-of-leave," and above all, transportation to Western Australia. This last proposal was rendered impracticable by the loud protests with which it was received by the principal Australian colonies. But a different and a better fate awaited the other suggestions of the

<sup>1</sup> *Penal Servitude Acts Commission. Report of the Commissioners, appointed to inquire into the working of the Penal Servitude Acts, 1879.*

Commissioners. As, indeed, they were in a large measure the authors of our existing system of penal servitude, their report naturally served as a point of departure for the inquiries of the Commission of 1878. And it is matter for congratulation that the latter body have been able to report that in their belief a sentence of penal servitude is now generally dreaded by the criminal population, and that they ascribe the result to improvements introduced since 1863, such as longer sentences, sparer diet, and a more strict enforcement of work and discipline.

Some surprise and certainly additional satisfaction are excited by this statement, if we reflect that the change which all desired came to pass in spite of the enforced sacrifice of transportation—the keystone of the policy of the Commission of 1863. “I was a strong advocate for transportation in the old days,” says the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, “and I certainly anticipated that when you let loose all these convicts in this country, very serious results would follow; but I must say I have been most agreeably disappointed.” And he adds that, notwithstanding an enormous increase of population, the diminution and final cessation of transportation were contemporaneous with a sustained decrease of crime. A penal system is only one, and, perhaps, not the greatest among the manifold influences which govern the ebb and flow of crime. But statistics of crime may fairly be cited as witnesses to character, when our own present system is brought to the bar of judgment; and credit is due to those who are charged with its administration, for having devised other adequate means for the restraint of criminals in the place of transportation, which was generally believed to be the best weapon in the armoury of penal discipline.

The late Commissioners seem to have spared no pains to make their inquiry complete. Both Great Britain and Ireland were included in their survey; and their report covers the whole field

of convict discipline. Two stout octavo volumes are filled with the evidence of the seventy witnesses whom they examined. In this array of witnesses there were prison officers of almost every grade, police officers of high authority, two very eminent judges, and some gentlemen whose experience as magistrates, or whose connection with Prisoners' Aid Societies or other philanthropic agencies, had led them to study penal law and the idiosyncracies of criminals. There were also seven persons who had themselves undergone sentences of penal servitude, including the author of *Five Years Penal Servitude*, and the writer of an able and thoughtful article on “Our Present Convict System,” which appeared in the April number of the *Westminster Review* for 1878. And these were not the only sources of information to which the Commissioners had recourse. They were careful, moreover, in their visits to the principal convict prisons to interrogate prisoners as to their general treatment.

If the Commission of 1863 owed its existence to a widespread mistrust of the efficacy of the then established system as an engine of terror to criminals, the same cannot be said of its successor. No such condition of public feeling existed in 1878. Nevertheless, certain points had been indicated in which the system was thought to be susceptible of improvement. We may mention especially the protection of novices in crime from further contamination by associates of more advanced proficiency in the craft, and the separation of political offenders from the general body of prisoners, as reforms which had been pressed upon public attention.

The latter of these measures had been urged in Parliament. During the session of 1877 Mr. Parnell moved that prisoners convicted of treason-felony, sedition, or seditious libel, should be treated as misdemeanants of the first class. And in view of what has since happened, we may assume that Mr. Parnell and the little

group regard crown power seditious was ex Act, I sioners mende treason: from tions conclu not in or pol attach pain v fineme are th ciation types. ambit ment their consec which and fo captiv tent upon venier to flow prison convic Fenian ently elsew direct why i sympe “expr that t ised v afraid might discipl conce natur gence tent a prison of co simila sioners

group of "irreconcilables" around him, regard their action on this question as crowned with substantial results. A power to treat cases of sedition or seditious libel in the manner proposed, was expressly provided by the Prisons Act, 1877; and the Royal Commissioners have now unanimously recommended that prisoners convicted of treason-felony should be confined apart from other convicts. The considerations by which they were led to this conclusion are briefly stated. They do not inquire whether there be justice or policy in enhancing the penalties attached to treason by addition of the pain which men of education and refinement (and political offenders often are that) must suffer from close association with criminals of the lowest types. Nor do they touch upon the embittered irritation which such treatment of them invariably excites among their friends and partisans, and the consequent persistency of the efforts which the latter make, by fair means and foul, to secure the release of the captive martyrs. But they are content to rest their recommendation upon the ground that serious inconveniences have been found in practice to flow from the location of political prisoners in the midst of ordinary convicts. As a matter of fact, the Fenian convicts were treated differently from the rest at Portland and elsewhere; and the chairman of the directors of convict prisons explains why it was so. "There was so much sympathy," says Sir Edmund Du Cane, "expressed for them by people outside, that the officers were almost demoralised with regard to them; they were afraid; they did not know what they might be liable to." Relaxations of discipline denied to others were tacitly conceded to the Fenians; and the natural consequences of such indulgence were much jealousy and discontent among the other inmates of the prison. To avert these evils, which of course may be expected to recur in similar circumstances, the Commissioners have made the suggestion now

under our notice. That it will be distasteful to some, both within and without the walls of Parliament, is more than probable. With recollections of what some of the Fenians were still fresh in our memories, it would be strange if the proposal were at once and unanimously assented to. But the position taken by the Commissioners is a practical rather than a sentimental one. It is fortified also by the concurrence of the two first authorities on convict discipline, Sir Walter Crofton and Sir Edmund Du Cane. The latter indeed goes so far as to apprehend that the mixture of men whose offences in the eyes of many are either venial or actually laudable, with others whose crimes are universally reprobated, may tend to dilute the disgrace which should wait upon all crime. If the apprehension be well founded, it would be difficult to exaggerate the weight which should be attached to it.

The Commissioners discuss more fully in their report the other subject on which they were expected to pronounce an opinion, viz., the opportunities which prison life affords for contamination of young and "casual" offenders (as they may be termed) by inveterate criminals, and the steps which should be taken to check the mischief. To render the question more intelligible to general readers, we must here premise that a sentence of penal servitude includes three stages—(1) a period of separate confinement; (2) a period on "public works;" and (3) a period at large, on license or "ticket of leave," if remission of any part of the sentence be earned by good conduct and industry. In the first stage, which lasts nine months, the convict eats, sleeps, works, and takes his exercise in silence and solitude, holding communication with none but the prison officers who visit him in his cell. In the second and longest stage (which covers the residue of his time in prison) he continues to sleep and have his meals alone in his cell, but his daily task of labour is done in

a gang or "party," and, until quite recently, his hours of exercise on Sundays were also spent in association. It is, of course, during the second stage that the contamination is said to take place; and all the witnesses are agreed that the association at exercise was a fertile source of pernicious influences. The directors of convict prisons, therefore, lately introduced the practice of exercise in single file, and, so far as it has yet been tried, the results of the new arrangement are reported to be satisfactory. There remains, however, the alleged contamination of associated labour. Convicts being strictly forbidden to hold any communication with one another during their hours of labour, except such as may be absolutely necessary for the work in which they are jointly engaged, the official witnesses are, for the most part, hardly prepared to admit that contamination to any appreciable degree is possible in those hours. But the witnesses who have themselves endured penal servitude affirm that, in fact, the vigilance of the warders is constantly eluded, and communications of a very objectionable kind are carried on by the prisoners in the midst of their work. The judgment of the Commission inclines to the latter rather than to the official view.

The existence of the evil therefore being admitted, the Commissioners proceed to examine the remedies which have been put before them. These remedies are the substitution (especially in regard to "casual" criminals) of long sentences of separate imprisonment for the present sentences of penal servitude, and the classification of convicts in the stage of associated labour.

Unable to deny that there is a limit to the time for which separate imprisonment can be borne without a decline of mental and bodily health, or that many heinous crimes are perpetrated even by "casual" offenders for which the longest practicable sentence of separate imprisonment would be an inadequate penalty, the stoutest opponent of the

system of associated labour scarcely ventures to contend that it could be wholly dispensed with. Some of its advantages are indisputable. Without it the profitable employment of convicts on great public works (such as the breakwater at Portland or the docks at Chatham) would be impossible. Without it the valuable industrial training which such works place within the reach of prisoners would be lost. And if the task be not excessive, or the diet insufficient, work in the open air is obviously healthier for most men than daily labour in a solitary cell prolonged through years. But admitting the force of these pleas for the continuance of associated labour, the advocates of separate imprisonment argue that there are many now undergoing sentences of penal servitude, with the attendant ills of a long separation from their families and of association with confirmed criminals, whose offences would have been adequately punished, and whose reformation of character would have been more probable, had they been sentenced to terms of separate imprisonment. The cases contemplated are those of men more or less educated and of respectable antecedents, who have committed a single crime, such as embezzlement or forgery. "Short and sharp" sentences, it is said, are the proper treatment for these men. As might have been expected, this view is upheld by the writers of the article in the *Westminster Review* and of *Five Years Penal Servitude*. They naturally saw penal servitude most clearly from their own stand-point. The sting of its pains and penalties to educated men has been acutely felt by them. But, after all, the criminals of a better station in life are happily only a small minority in the general mass of convicts, and a penal system must be adjusted to the requirements of average criminals. A claim for anything like exceptional treatment on the part of the former would be of very doubtful validity. Their suffering under punishment may be keener, but their guilt is also greater

than the  
the ap  
crimes  
paid to  
risk of  
believe  
classes  
the pos  
victs in  
In c  
the wit  
sharp"  
discove  
ness v  
shorter  
from.  
point.  
a corre  
in pris  
to atte  
attache  
howeve  
nesses  
to secu  
ment,  
tion of  
prison  
They c  
four ye  
alterna  
servitu  
of stri  
experie  
as conv  
mence  
in ordi  
in loca  
two ye  
is selo  
separa  
years  
the he  
tions  
the gl  
prison  
sharp  
have t  
than a  
The  
which  
guidin  
clasion  
"so v  
system  
No.

than that of the ignorant criminal. In the apportionment of sentences to crimes assuredly no regard could be paid to social antecedents without the risk of inducing the lower orders to believe that the law is a respecter of classes—a worse public evil than even the possible deterioration of some convicts in prison.

In our perusal of the evidence of the witnesses who ask for “short and sharp” sentences, we have failed to discover where the additional sharpness which should accompany the shortening of sentences is to come from. Particulars are wanting on this point. To shorten sentences without a corresponding increase of severity in prison discipline would be merely to attenuate the penalties at present attached to specific crimes. We must, however, add that although these witnesses do not explain how they propose to secure more sharpness in the punishment, they are prepared for the adoption of longer sentences of separate imprisonment than can now be inflicted. They contemplate a term of three or four years separate imprisonment as an alternative sentence to five years penal servitude. But seeing that nine months of strict separation has been found by experience at Pentonville to be as much as convicts can safely bear at the commencement of their servitude, and that in ordinary sentences to imprisonment in local gaols (which may extend to two years) more than eighteen months is seldom inflicted, it is plain that separate confinement for three or four years could be made compatible with the health of prisoners only by relaxations of discipline of a kind to soften the gloom and isolation of their imprisonment. In other words, the sharpness of the punishment would have to be materially diminished rather than augmented.

There is yet another consideration which apparently had a large share in guiding the Commissioners to the conclusion that they could not recommend “so vital a change in our present system” as the introduction of these

sentences to three or four years imprisonment would be. In their opinion the length of a sentence is the main element of its deterrent property; and they believe penal servitude to be invested with a greater awe than ordinary imprisonment in the eyes of the criminal population. To sustain this wholesome dread of the former punishment, they think it “most important that there should be a marked difference between the length of the shortest sentence of penal servitude and the longest sentence of imprisonment.” To introduce sentences of three or four years would be to sacrifice the advantage which the Commissioners value so highly. It would efface the present palpable distinction between imprisonment and penal servitude, and by making the transition from the one to the other very gradual, would “whittle” away the terrors of the punishment which the law reserves for heinous offences and confirmed habits of crime.

Putting aside, therefore, the proposed alteration of sentences, the Commissioners turn to consider whether the evil of contamination can be removed by any classification of convicts in the stage of associated labour. Among the modes suggested is a classification according to crimes; but if the grouping of convicts were determined by the nature of their offences, the casual and the habitual criminal would constantly be included in the same group, and thus the very purpose of the scheme would be defeated. Others would allow the antecedents of prisoners to regulate their classification. A third and obvious mode is a classification governed by the character and daily conduct of prisoners during imprisonment, and this arrangement bears on its face the semblance of justice and convenience. But, unfortunately, behaviour in prison is a most defective test of genuine depravity. The habitual criminal—the man against whose name there is a long record of previous convictions—is generally well behaved in the convict prison.

Frequently indeed he is quite exemplary in his obedience to disciplinary regulations. From past experience he has learnt the folly of "kicking against the pricks," and he quietly settles at once into his place. In prison phrase he "knows his way about." His docility and his familiarity with every detail of the daily routine make him a useful, handy man to the warders, with whom he is careful to live on good terms. He runs, in short, along the groove of work and discipline without friction. But such a man as this is often a malefactor past redemption, versed in all the arts of villany; and a worse comrade could not be found for comparatively innocent criminals with whom he might be brought into close contact, if conduct were made the link of association.

Recognising all these difficulties, and doubtless convinced that no plan of classification will be accepted by the convicts themselves as just, or fail to give rise to charges of favouritism, unless it be constructed on simple and intelligible lines, the Commission recommend only the formation into a distinct class of those prisoners against whom no previous conviction of any kind is known to have been recorded. And they state two conditions which they regard as indispensable to the successful working of their principle. They require that the treatment of this separate class should be the same in all respects as that of other convicts, and that the directors of convict prisons should have full power to remove prisoners from it whenever they think proper. "Besides those" (say the Commissioners) "whose removal might be necessary on account of their misconduct in prison, or who were found to be actually exercising a pernicious influence on their companions—prisoners who have committed certain crimes, although not known to have been previously convicted—would be obviously unfit to be placed in such a class." They are confident that contamination can be kept within narrow limits by this scheme; but they add

that, if upon trial it should belie their expectations, the question of punishing first offences with long sentences of separate imprisonment rather than with penal servitude will again deserve consideration.

Before quitting the subject of the length and nature of sentences, we should observe that the attention of the Commission was also directed to the policy and working of minimum terms of penal servitude. By the law (as it stood during their inquiry) no sentence of penal servitude could be for less than five years, and in a case where there had been a previous conviction of felony seven years was the shortest term allowed, if the judge thought proper to inflict penal servitude. The former provision was warmly approved by the Commissioners, but it was otherwise with the minimum term of seven years after a previous conviction of felony. They were told by Mr. Justice Lush, when they examined him as a witness, that in the unanimous judgment of the members of the Criminal Code Commission the "enactment injuriously hampers the discretion of the judge." And this authoritative witness added: "Everybody that I have heard of is of opinion that the seven years minimum is too high, that it is very injurious, and that many sentences of imprisonment which are felt to be inadequate are passed in order to avoid that which would be an excess." So strong a declaration coming from such a quarter was held by the Commissioners to be conclusive, and they accordingly recommended the repeal of this provision of the law. The recommendation has been promptly acted upon. The report of the Commission was not in the hands of members of Parliament until the last days of July; nevertheless, in the midst of the scramble of business which marks the dying hours of a session, the seven years' minimum was done away with by a short Act, which came into operation on the 1st of September last.

One other amendment of the law

was  
Com  
Chie  
litan  
rent  
the c  
Act,  
licen  
perio  
beco  
polit  
while  
statu  
the c  
super  
the  
with  
This  
been  
So  
symp  
narro  
capti  
Blue  
our r  
to th  
had  
penal  
seem  
crimi  
condu  
tell  
conv  
dark  
in Ir  
of gr  
of th  
favou  
ture  
whom  
the s  
us as  
rheto  
charg  
chief  
whom  
the  
officer  
prob  
is the  
ness,  
gone  
felony  
Engli



was effected by this same Act. The Commission ascertained from the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police that, owing to an apparently slight omission in its terms, the clause in the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871, which required convicts on license to report themselves at stated periods to the police, had practically become a dead letter in the metropolitan district. It being clear that, while so serious a flaw remained in the statute, there could be no fair trial of the efficacy of the system of police supervision, the Commission urged that the Legislature should be induced without delay to remove the defect. This, as we have said, has already been done.

So much interest, often more or less sympathetic, is wont to be excited by narratives of personal experiences in captivity, that most readers of the Blue Books, which are the subject of our notice, would probably turn first to the evidence of the witnesses who had themselves drunk of the cup of penal servitude. All but one of them seem to have been of the casual criminal class, and to have been well-conducted men in prison. Six of them tell of English, and one of Irish, convict prisons. The last draws a dark sketch of the convict system in Ireland; he alleges the existence of gross abuses, and his description of the warders, as a body, is far from favourable. Some indeed in his picture are worse rogues than many over whom they exercise authority. But the statements of this witness strike us as being coloured with a vein of rhetorical exaggeration; and his worst charges are flatly contradicted by the chief warder of Mountjoy prison, of whom the accuser himself speaks as the very model of what a prison officer ought to be. More valuable probably, because more dispassionate, is the evidence of another Irish witness, Michael Davitt, who had undergone penal servitude as a treason-felony convict at Dartmoor and other English prisons. What he states wears

the appearance of a desire to be accurate, but a not unnatural tinge of bitterness, plainly traceable to one cause, pervades his representations. He complains of various annoyances, and these he ascribed in his own mind to the prejudice of the officers against him as a Fenian. But these accidents of his treatment were, in truth, the outcome of the exceptional vigilance required for the safe custody of the Fenian convicts. Plots to effect their escape were known to be rife; and the credit of the officers was at stake in defeating them. That the ceaseless watchfulness with which they were guarded could be other than irksome and irritating to the prisoners themselves, was scarcely possible. But, in the main, the evidence of the ex-convict witnesses is free from resentment towards those in whose charge they had paid the penalty of their crimes. Much of their testimony is most creditable to prison officers; and their complaints are for the most part of matters which they regard as defects in the system rather than of individual wrongs.

To this general description of their evidence there is, however, one marked exception. A certain Henry Harcourt, who had suffered two sentences of penal servitude, amounting together to twelve years, was examined by the Commissioners. His statements are the solitary "sensational" element in Blue Books which are elsewhere rather dry and prosaic reading. He has little good and much evil to say of the authorities under whom he served his sentences; and the special object of his denunciation is the medical officer of Portland prison. The story of his wrongs is a lengthy recital. Attempts at suicide, punishments and tortures,—bread and water diet, flogging, burning with a red-hot instrument, and an iron bed of torture,—with an invariable accompaniment of jeers and insults, figure in these pages of the evidence as copiously as in a melodramatic tale of captivity in the Middle Ages. Painted by himself, Harcourt was a victim

of gross injustice and oppression. Painted by the officers who had charge of him, he was about as ill-conducted and intractable a prisoner as ever they had the misfortune to deal with. One point of contention between him and the authorities lay at the root of the interminable punishments which he suffered. While he persistently refused to work on the plea of physical inability, they maintained that his alleged ailments were a sham,—that he was, in short, an obstinate malingeringer. Hence arose a long-sustained struggle between Harcourt and the medical officer. The Commissioners do not seem to have been quite satisfied that the judgment and discretion of this officer (whom they also examined) were never at fault in his treatment of Harcourt. But the case was confessedly a difficult one; and an anecdote related by the governor of Dartmoor prison pointedly shows how much reason medical officers have to be on their guard against the patient ingenuity of malingeringers. A convict was lately discharged from Dartmoor before his time on the ground of complete paralysis and failing health. A warder accompanied him to his destination at Manchester, and left him with his friends. The next morning the warder met the convict walking with a jaunty air, his hat on one side, and swinging a stick about. "You have recovered very quickly," said the warder; and the convict replied, "There is nothing the matter with me, and never was; I can walk as well as you can."

Whether Harcourt was a malingeringer or not, he suffered what is admitted by the medical officer to have been "a tremendous quantity" of bread and water punishment. This officer is confident that he never would have sanctioned it, unless the man had been strong enough to bear it. But Harcourt's case, and some others which came before them, led the Commissioners to think that narrower limits might advantageously be put

upon the power of governors to inflict successive periods of bread and water diet. None of the medical witnesses express satisfaction with this mode of punishment. If used too much, it is said to defeat its own object, and to multiply offences by prolonging the irritable, nervous mood in which self-control is weak, and prisoners fruitlessly struggle against the pressure of discipline. As, however, the punishment cannot seemingly be dispensed with for want of a better substitute, strict limitations can alone insure its salutary use.

Upon the whole, the Commissioners find little to blame or to alter in the punishments inflicted for prison offences. The vexed question of corporal punishment meets with brief notice from them. They do not believe that flogging is resorted to oftener than is necessary for the maintenance of authority over the worst convicts; and they regard its use, when thus applied, as wholesome. This conclusion is supported by the evidence which they took upon the subject. Instructed by their own observations in penal servitude, the writer in the *Westminster Review* and the author of *Five Years Penal Servitude* both affirm that among criminals there are some natures which nothing but the terror of bodily pain can touch, and that the retention of flogging is therefore indispensable. Both, too, advise that the *quantum* of flogging should be administered in instalments, the last instalment being deferred till the eve of release from prison, in order that the sufferer may return to freedom with a vivid remembrance of the only influence which is likely to restrain him from a relapse into crime. This advice, however, is not repeated by the Commissioners, who probably agreed with Lord Justice Bramwell in thinking that to keep floggings long suspended over a man's head might be deemed to be a refinement of cruelty which the public would not tolerate.

"*Quid leges sine moribus?*" And

no regulations, however complete and well-considered, can secure good results from a penal system, unless there be efficiency in the agents who work it. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that the Commissioners judge the warders to be a deserving body of men who, as a rule, satisfactorily discharge irksome and difficult duties. Knowing how often they must be provoked, and designedly provoked, by troublesome prisoners, it would be too much to expect that they should never be betrayed into acts of transient heat and temper. Cases of unnecessary roughness rather than of intentional violence on their part were brought to the notice of the Commission. And in all, or almost all, these cases, the convicts roughly handled were men described in prison slang as "balmy," that is, partially imbecile and standing on the border land between sanity and insanity. A type of prisoners more difficult to manage does not exist. The irritability of their temperament, and the facility with which they suffer themselves to be made a cat-spaw by artful associates, render them a ceaseless source of provocations, and a stumbling-block to discipline. So special is the treatment they require that the Commissioners recommend that they should be located apart from convicts of entirely sound mind, and that officers selected for intelligence and command of temper should be set over them.

A worse fault, however, than occasional roughness is "trafficking," or the clandestine supply to prisoners by warders of tobacco and other prohibited articles, the warders of course being heavily bribed by the prisoners' friends outside. Sir E. Du Cane says that the practice is "one of the standing difficulties in managing a prison." It may be true, as he adds, that comparatively few warders are guilty of it, but a single culprit, or even a single act of trafficking may work much mischief in a prison. One bit of tobacco thus conveyed to a prisoner may be doled out by him to his comrades in

tiny fragments, and each fragment, if discovered, insures the punishment of its possessor. The guilty warder meantime knows his own safety to lie at the mercy of the convicts who are privy to his offence, and his impartiality and his authority are alike inevitably gone. The harm too that trafficking may do even beyond the prison walls is illustrated by a case which the governor of Portland prison narrates. A poor woman travelled from the north to Portland to visit her convict son, having sold even her wedding ring to enable her to undertake the journey. It then came to the knowledge of the governor that she had often been applied to for money on the plea that it would be spent in the purchase of food and comforts for her imprisoned son. To meet these demands, she had parted with all she possessed; but none of the proceeds of her self-sacrifice ever reached the convict. All had been intercepted by the warder. It is unwelcome to add that the governor's endeavours to detect this wretch proved unavailing. The difficulty of such detection is freely admitted: and in the hope of at least partially removing it the Commissioners propose that the governors of prisons should be invested with a power to require warders suspected of trafficking to submit to a personal search.

The limits of our space forbid us to follow the Commission upon all the lines of their comprehensive survey. The general tenor of their observations is applicable both to Great Britain and to Ireland. But the regulations and the circumstances of the penal systems of the two kingdoms, though similar, are not altogether the same. There was a time when the Irish organisation was reputed to be superior to the British. Of late years, however, the latter has appeared to be the more efficient; and the Commissioners lay their finger on the causes of this change. The deterioration of the Irish arrangements may be attributed, in their judgment, to (1) an impolitic reduction of the

supervising staff of the convict prisons to a single director, whose mass of routine work allowed him no time to devise and execute improvements, and (2) to the extremely defective construction of the public works prison at Spike Island, which excludes the possibility of proper discipline among the convicts there. Naturally, therefore, they strongly recommend that the convicts shall be removed with all speed from Spike Island to a better constructed prison, and that at least two directors should be charged with the management of the convict prisons.

Lest our silence respecting female convicts should lead to an inference that they were excluded from the inquiries of the Commission, it is worth while to state that their treatment was carefully examined. In the absence of suggestions specially affecting them, we may conclude that the Commissioners were satisfied with the arrangements of the female convict prisons. But such proposals as a classification of prisoners obviously apply to the criminals of both sexes.

As the Commission were a small body, it is well that the weight of their counsels was not diminished by differences of opinion among themselves. They reported with rare unanimity. Upon a single point only did one of their number dissent from his colleagues. But the point is too important to be omitted from notice. Mr. Parnell had moved in Parliament that facilities should be provided for the independent inspection of convict establishments. The consideration of the question could not therefore be overlooked by the Commission. The majority of them eventually came to the conclusion that a valuable safeguard against the silent growth of abuses would be set up, and public confidence in the penal system be

strengthened, if means were taken to secure a periodical inspection of the convict prisons "by persons appointed by the Government, but unpaid and unconnected with the prisons department." Sir Edmund Du Cane regards such arrangements as the establishment of a dual government of the convict prisons, and his objections to it are stated with much force. A weakening of the hands of discipline, diminished responsibility, and, perhaps, disloyalty among the subordinate staff, are the mischiefs which he contemplates as the natural consequences of divided authority, and these views are fully shared by one of the Commissioners, Dr. Guy. Doubtless many others will be of the same opinion. But here again the wishes of Mr. Parnell have been destined to prevail, for at the close of the late session the Home Secretary pledged himself to act upon the recommendation of the Commission.

The reader will have gathered from this brief review of their long report that, upon the whole, it is of a conservative character. Finding the system free from serious abuses, they have been ready to let well alone. Satisfied that penal servitude has attained its primary object of being a terror to evil-doers, they have been wisely reluctant to alter the grim outline of the form which it presents to the criminal population. Where it seemed to be weak on the side of reformatory influences they have suggested amendments. Had the changes they proposed been more sweeping, they might have failed to secure unanimity among themselves, and there would have been the less readiness to accept their advice. That their labours have already begun to bear fruit may be attributed in great part to the general moderation of their counsels.

## STANZAS ON SHELLEY.

OH, not like ours that life was born,  
 No mortal mother Shelley knew,  
 But kindled by some starry morn  
 Lit like a snow-flake from the blue;  
 Saw on some peak the lightnings gleam,  
 The lingering soft auroras play;  
 Then foamlike on a leaping stream  
 Sped downwards to the earthly day.

So keen a wish had winged his flight—  
 His heart was faint with such desire—  
 To bear from that supernal light  
 A Promethæan fount of fire:  
 His quivering thyrsus flashed with flame,  
 He sang the spell long learnt above;  
 With ardent eyes one only name  
 He named; the mountains echoed "Love!"

But ah! for men no healing wrought  
 That spell, that spirit's angel bloom:  
 Close, close about him frowned and fought  
 Their words of anger, looks of gloom:  
 Gloomed overhead the iron reign  
 Of stifling custom, hates that kill,  
 From Earth's dark places sighed in vain  
 Her old immedicable ill.

"And yet methinks one soul might know  
 The bliss unknown, the tale untold!  
 One heart might melt in mine, and so  
 For twain at least the age be gold!"  
 He called;—and ah! what mortal maid  
 Had heard unmoved that seraph tongue?  
 What Daphne lingered in her shade  
 When that unstained Apollo sung?

But oft in vain shall love be given  
 When mighty spirits mourn alone;  
 Too rarely, rarely falls from heaven  
 A woman-heart to match their own:  
 He saw his Vision smile in sleep,  
 And close she seemed, and floated far;  
 Life-long across life's darkling deep  
 He chased that image of a star.

Yet, with an Orphic whisper blent,  
 A Spirit in the west-wind sighs;  
 Gaze from the conscious firmament  
 Some God's unfathomable eyes:  
 He saw, he felt them: "Thou be mine,  
 As I am thine, thou primal whole!  
 Ye elements, my life enshrine,  
 Enfold, entomb me, soul in soul!"

He called; they heard him; high in air  
 The impetuous Winds came whirling free;  
 Dashed on his brow, swept through his hair  
 Untamed caresses of the Sea;  
 The Fire up-leapt in ardent birth  
 To her thin substance his to win;  
 That heart of hearts the dædal Earth,  
 Her own unfolding, drew therein.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

It is  
 lishe  
 doub  
 who  
 of th  
 treat  
 hider  
 in B  
 of s  
 in  
 apoc  
 deat  
 lette  
 rece  
 Germ  
 first  
 unkn  
 Eng  
 here  
 iden  
 fami  
 with  
 time  
 Gene  
 T  
 Fies  
 King  
 it ru

"  
 what  
 I hav  
 father  
 shoul  
 first  
 land  
 your  
 refug  
 the  
 lengt  
 Hugh  
 and s  
 gam,  
 of L  
 Desp  
 Your  
 worth  
 place  
 of m  
 of Ca  
 soner  
 the s  
 the la  
 "My  
 Eben



## WHERE DID EDWARD THE SECOND DIE?

It is perhaps cruel to visit old-established stories in history with a shade of doubt. It is still more cruel to those who possess well-authenticated relics of the past, when their treasures are treated as things of naught. Is the hideous story of Edward II.'s death in Berkeley Castle the mere invention of some fertile brain? and is his tomb in Gloucester Cathedral even more apocryphal than the story of his death? So it would appear from a letter in the archives of Herault, recently brought to light by M. Germain. This letter was not at first accredited, as the author was unknown, and his knowledge of English affairs was doubted. I will here give it in full, and will identify the writer of it, and his family, as having intimate connection with the court of England at that time, from annals of this old noble Genoese family.

The letter was written by Manuele Fieschi, papal notary at Avignon, to King Edward III. of England, and it runs as follows:—

"Thus let it be in the name of the Lord; what I have here written with my own hand, I have gathered from the confession of your father, and thus I have taken care that it should be notified to your lordship. In the first place your father said, that seeing England raised against him at the instigation of your mother, he fled from his family, seeking refuge at the Castle of Chepstow, belonging to the grand-marshal Earl of Norfolk; and at length becoming alarmed, he embarked with Hugh Le Despencer, with the Earl of Arundel, and some other lords, and landed at Glamorgan, where he was made a prisoner by Henry of Lancaster, together with the said Le Despencer and Master Robert of Baldok. Your father was thence conducted to Kenilworth, and his followers were sent to different places. Thus he lost the crown, at the petition of many. Subsequently at the coming feast of Candlemass you were crowned, and the prisoner was finally removed to Berkeley. But the servant who held him in custody, after the lapse of a little time, thus addressed him. 'My lord, Sir Thomas Gournay, and Sir Simon Ebersford are coming here to slay you; if it is

pleasing to you, I will give you my clothes, that you may escape.' In fact at nightfall your father in this disguise got out of prison, and arrived at the gate without meeting any resistance, and without being discovered. Finding there the porter asleep, your father forthwith killed him, and having possessed himself of the keys got out into the open country, free to go where he pleased. Then the knights, who had come to kill him, learning too late of his flight, and fearing the wrath of the queen and for their own lives, took counsel, and determined to put the corpse of the above-mentioned porter into a coffin and bury it in Gloucester, as if it had been the body of the king, first of all having cut out the heart; they took it and cunningly presented it to Isabella, as if it had been her husband's. Your father, however, when he got out of Berkeley Castle fled forthwith with a companion to the Castle of Corfe, where the keeper Thomas received him without the knowledge of his superior, who was John Maltravers, and there he remained concealed for the space of a year and a half. At length hearing how the Earl of Kent had been beheaded for having asserted that Edward II. was still amongst the living, your father and his companion, according to the wish and advice of Thomas, embarked on a ship and sailed for Ireland, where they lived nine months. At length, however, Edward, fearing to be recognised, dressed himself in a hermit's dress, passed through England thus disguised, and reached the port of Sandwich, and from thence crossed over to Sluys. After this he travelled through Normandy, and then through Languedoc until at length he reached Avignon, where, slipping a florin into the hands of a pontifical servant, he got a letter consigned to Pope John XXII. His Holiness having summoned Edward into his presence, secretly but honourably lodged him for fifteen days. At the expiration of this time, after various projects and plans he went to Paris, and from Paris to Brabant, and from Brabant to Cologne on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Three Kings. On his return from Cologne he crossed through Germany, and thence into Lombardy. From Milan he went to a certain hermitage in that diocese where he remained two years and a half. At length when war broke out he removed into another hermitage in the Castle of Cecima,<sup>1</sup> belonging to the diocese of Pavia, and there he remained in strict seclusion for about two years, living a life of

<sup>1</sup> Cecima was originally dependent on the Bishop of Pavia, and was renowned for its strong position. It is now a commune in the Godiasco department.

penitence, and praying God for us, and all other sinners. Your devoted servant,

"MANUELE FIESCHI."

Everything is satisfactory in the appearance of this letter, which bears testimony to having been written at the time alluded to; but it is without date, and hence to substantiate the writer we must look elsewhere. Edmund, Earl of Kent, was brother of Edward II., and as likely as any one to be acquainted with the existence of his brother, if he really did exist. Now in a letter to the Pope written by Edward III., and preserved in Rymer, the king accuses the Earl of wishing to disturb the peace of the kingdom by proclaiming that his father, who had been dead three years, and at whose obsequies the said Earl was present, was still alive. Surely this is strong corroborative evidence in favour of the above letter and its disclosure. Kent suffered on the scaffold, 19th March, 1330.

How about Manuele Fieschi? how was he likely to be informed of English affairs, and why was he chosen as confidant of the exiled monarch? From the annals of the Fieschi family in Genoa we find that Manuele was in actual residence at Avignon in 1337, as papal notary, and that prior to this he had been holding a canonical benefice in the diocese of York. As additional testimony to this, I may state that he received from the Cardinal of Sadriano and Pietro Feliciani of Bologna, the necessary powers for burying his kinsman, the Cardinal Luca Fieschi, who died in Avignon in 1336, and was brought to Genoa by Manuele Fieschi, and whose tomb is still to be seen there.

Again, from the will of his brother, Count Gabriele Fieschi, signed Jan. 29, 1326, we learn that in addition to his canonry at York he held another rich one in the diocese of Arras. From other sources we learn that he became Bishop of Vercelli in 1343, and died in that see five years afterwards. Thus we have Manuele Fieschi

identified, not only as connected closely with England, but also as a man of note in the Church.

Concerning the close connection between the Fieschi family and the Plantagenet kings we have ample proof. For many years prior to this the Genoese had been on friendly commercial terms with England; they had warehouses and establishments in London, and on one occasion, when Hugh Le Despencer had seized a Genoese ship on the coast of Essex, the Republic sent Niccolino Fieschi, in 1336, to expostulate and to seek an indemnity. This ambassador was well received by the commerce-loving Edward III., and held in high esteem by him. The letter which the king penned to the Republic was full of expressions of friendship, and regret for the breach of treaty; an indemnity was sent, and Niccolino Fieschi was nominated special procurator and ambassador at the court of London on Oct. 16, 1336.

Thus would Manuele Fieschi in all probability have been previously personally acquainted with Edward II. in England. His kinsman would at the very time of the stated visit to Avignon be in London and in high favour with Edward III., and in addition to this we have the statement of Edmund Earl of Kent for which he paid the penalty on the scaffold.

It is pleasant to find good authority for rejecting the awful story of the red-hot iron which every child believes to have pierced the second Edward's vitals, and thus to have one more stain wiped off the pages of English annals. But it is unsatisfactory to be in doubt as to the last resting-place of this Plantagenet king. Even this may in time be cleared up by the long mouldering annals of some Lombard convent, and the bones of the unfortunate monarch may turn out to have been mingled amongst those of old Italian monks cast together in some long neglected charnel house.

J. THEODORE BENT.

BISHOP  
his lif  
volum  
the th  
gradu  
influe  
Oxford  
orthod  
of her  
the ot  
biograp  
the s  
scarce  
would  
dioces  
though  
fiasco  
ment  
again  
on th  
ant r  
the f  
forty  
gener  
fore  
of Ce  
U  
minu  
a sn  
it m  
perf  
this  
over  
clear  
tion  
ciate  
"Bi  
tion  
are  
his  
rose  
his  
mon  
peop  
cap  
tho  
wel  
not

## BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE's monument, like his life, is a fragment. Of the three volumes which were to have treated of the three stages of his career,—the gradual growth of his character and influence, his organisation of the Oxford diocese, his championship of orthodoxy against the gathering alarms of heresy—only one is completed, and the others were scarcely begun when the biographer died, almost as suddenly as the subject of his biography. It is scarcely likely that Bishop Wilberforce would have transformed his second diocese as completely as his first; and though the thirteen years between the fiasco of the opposition to the appointment of Hampden and the agitation against *Essays and Reviews* and *Colenso on the Pentateuch* were more important and more memorable years than the forty-two which went before, the forty-two are those of which this generation knows least, and is therefore most dependent upon the diligence of Canon Ashwell.

Unhappily a busy man who keeps a minute diary of his engagements lays a snare in the way of his biographer; it makes it possible to present him perfectly as a man of business, and in this way the man of business rather overshadows everything else. It is clear from his thoughtful introduction that Canon Ashwell quite appreciated the well-earned reputation of the "Bishop of Society;" but the reputation is not embalmed in his pages. We are able to measure the stages by which his social popularity and reputation rose, but we are left to tradition for his social character. We learn much more of what he thought of other people than of what other people (except Bishop Sumner of Winchester) thought of him; indeed Canon Ashwell gives hardly any contemporary notices of him after he had once

become famous, except a couple of extracts from the Earl of Carlisle's diary about his sermons, and some more instructive reminiscences from examining chaplains and archdeacons as to his methods as a bishop.

Samuel Wilberforce was one of the few exceptions to the rule that the sons of a great man are rather distinguished than great. Like the younger Pitt, he owed much to the training of his father; in the last sixteen years of his life, with failing health and failing eyesight, which often made it impossible to look at the paper, William Wilberforce wrote six hundred letters, all preserved and endorsed in manhood by the son whom he called his "lamb." It is not too much to say that it was his father's doing that he became a clergyman. The choice was important, for Cobden, when staying with him at Lavington, was persuaded that if he had entered parliament as a layman he must have been Prime Minister; and Lord Chelmsford the elder thought that if he had gone to the bar he must have been Lord Chancellor. And his father did more than decide his vocation; he educated his hereditary eloquence, training him to fix the main points of a subject in his mind, and then to speak on it without premeditating arrangement or language. He trained him too to a complete victory over the distraction which in his own life he had found so harassing; from the first he had the singular power of concentrating his thoughts and feelings, at a moment's notice, upon any subject that called for them. Even the keenness and readiness of his sympathies owed something to his father, whose letters at one time are full of exhortations to active kindness, as if the naturally sweet disposition might if unwatched have subsided into amiable selfishness. He

was, it seems, rather lazy under his different tutors, until roused to exertion in a way that made his father anxious. A fellow pupil, Henry Hoare, at the end of one half year, both carried off the prize and inflicted upon him an unlimited thrashing. Upon this Samuel Wilberforce made a resolution that he would never again suffer Hoare to beat him in an examination, and he took to working so systematically, and formed the habit of application so thoroughly, that he was never beaten again. Nor did Henry Hoare and he ever quarrel again; so the father need not have feared that "emulation" would interfere with charity; while the Bishop thought that he owed everything in life to his school-fellow. Although he was never at a public school, the public opinion of his classmates was too strong for home-training in another point: he could not bring himself to tell tales of his companions, although his father felt so strongly on the point as to warn him that such a sacrifice to "worldly honour" might lead straight to duelling. Another sign of independence is that he found the *Sun*, the only newspaper which his father regarded as quite safe, intolerably dull. Apparently the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* were out of the question, and the *Statesman*, "edited, as you know, by that worst of varlets, Cobbett," was very objectionable, though less dangerous, as likely to disgust every well-regulated mind.

At Oxford he was emancipated from these restraints, though in deference to his father's often-repeated warnings he kept aloof from Sunday breakfast parties. He read steadily and rode moderately, and was one of the leading spirits of the infant Union. His second speech was in favour of a motion that it would have been justifiable to depose Charles I.; and all his speeches were on what would be called the Liberal side, with one significant exception—he approved of Lord North's conduct in the American War. He disliked restraint, but his dislike did not make him forget the

British Empire. He hastened to recant the liberalism of his undergraduate days as soon as he saw that popular passion menaced venerable institutions and respectable interests. A tour in 1827 opened his eyes to the persistent activity of the Revolution in France; in 1828 he regarded himself as a strong Tory, almost stronger than a clergyman ought to be, and he committed himself to the prophecy which, after fifty years, still waits fulfilment—that the Whigs would be effaced between the Tories and the Radicals. The "Church," it is true, was never more in danger than when the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and the agitation for the Reform Bill was gathering, while farmers had to pay uncommuted tithes at a time when the old poor-law was rapidly throwing land out of cultivation. Wilberforce would have been a staunch Churchman in any case, and he was better disposed to face opposition than to parry it. He had himself taken orders at the earliest age after his marriage, for his father wisely persuaded his father-in-law—the clerical squire of Lavington, the saintly biographer of Henry Martyn—that it would be better to allow a nine years' attachment to attain fruition at once, instead of waiting till the bridegroom was ordained to a curacy, at the risk of marring his spiritual preparation by natural human impatience.

From the first he was under the patronage of Bishop Sumner, his predecessor in the See of Winchester, a first cousin of his mother's and a debtor to his father's kindness. Sumner was for the period an energetic bishop; he insisted on two sermons a Sunday, and encouraged three, and, like William Wilberforce, he belonged to the Church wing of the Evangelical body, and was careful to keep himself uncommitted to Calvinism, against which his brother, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, indited an ingenious treatise. For ten years, at least, the influence of Bishop Sumner seems to have weighed more with

Samuel  
consider  
for muc  
Fleet  
cepta  
import  
movem  
instinc  
think.  
affecti  
change  
man,  
"Oxf  
Brigh  
he thr  
prayer  
though  
recite  
young  
they  
that  
cab a

The  
an o  
him  
himse  
pure  
poran  
Chur  
rubric  
Chur  
ries  
that  
patri  
diate  
ment  
in i  
on r  
part  
"sch  
been  
Wil  
reco  
spec  
com  
puz  
distr  
beca  
Pus  
He  
Ne  
reco  
lan  
Wi

Samuel Wilberforce than any worldly consideration. His judgment counted for much in the refusal of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and the conditional acceptance of Leeds; and in the more important question of the Tractarian movement, Wilberforce always referred instinctively to what the Bishop would think. Though he had reciprocated the affection of R. H. Froude, and exchanged distant courtesies with Newman, Wilberforce stood outside the "Oxford movement." Neither at Brightstone, nor at Alverstoke, had he thought it his duty to have public prayers in his church twice a day, though he thought it a privilege to recite them himself; and used to tell young clergymen, who complained that they could not find time for evensong, that four o'clock was his time, and a cab a very good place.

The circumstance which throughout an otherwise prosperous life exposed him to evil tongues was, that being himself a zealous and pious Churchman, pure and simple, he was the contemporary of equally zealous and pious Churchmen, who had all manner of rubrical and patristical theories of Churchmanship. To the rubrical theories he simply sat loose, believing that rubrics were made for man: the patristic theories he distinctly repudiated. As soon as the "Oxford movement" declared itself as an *imperium in imperio* he protested; he insisted on regarding the "Tractarians" as a party. The distinction between a "school" and a "party" had not yet been invented, and if it had been, Wilberforce would have been slow to recognise it. He could not understand speculative agreement as a ground for common action. He was sincerely puzzled when Newman courteously dismissed him from the *British Critic* because he had preached against Dr. Pusey's theory of Sin after Baptism. He was not only puzzled but offended: Newman had been quite willing to recognise him as a fellow worker, "the land was wide enough for both." But Wilberforce thought the clergy ought

to avoid peculiarities of principle and welcome earnestness of all kinds impartially if it could accept the formularies. To Separatists he was implacable; he wrote to Hook in 1838 to know what was to be done with some Ranters who had invaded Brightstone after his diligence had expelled the Wesleyans, who when he came were in possession of the regular afternoon service of the place, as the Anglicans were in possession of that in the morning. The Ranters were Arminians, and believed in "perfection"; "their apparent sanctity was considerable, their real self-complacency fatal." They only influenced the poorest and most ignorant, and many men more inflexible than Wilberforce would have been content in his place to let them do what they could, since they only reached those whom he failed to reach himself. But though he was in some ways liberal, and contented himself with the very minimum of conformity, few men have been more intolerant of anything like hindrance in his own work. Nothing seems to have lain nearer his heart when he was first appointed Bishop of Oxford than to instal Mr. Maurice in a canonry at Christchurch. He was a member of the Sterling Club himself, and does not seem to have been scandalised by any freedom of its members. But he was scandalised by the publication of Froude's *Remains*. In his life he had accepted him, as Keble and Newman did, as a man of genius, and when he died was touched by "the quietness and peace with which that mighty intellect left its tabernacle." "He was, I think, upon the whole possessed of the most original powers of thought of any man I have ever known intimately." His final judgment was strangely severe, "Henry Martyn with the Christianity left out." This final point he did not reach without wavering. At the end of 1837, before he had read the *Remains*, he feared they would do irreparable injury; the author seemed to "hate the Reformers." Three weeks later we find an entry in the diary—

"Read some of Jeremy Taylor, and Froude's *Remains in Review*. I shrink from the severe countenance of perfect devotion to God, despicably. . . . I wish earnestly that I more wished to be as a flame of fire in Thy service, passionless for earth and impassioned for Thee."

This is not the language of a born devotee, it is the language of a sincere believer, of a keenly sensitive nature, alive to every stimulus, and therefore to the stimulus of his creed. He complains of the difficulty of realising the unseen, and characteristically decides that it would be well to try the effect of so much fasting as could be practised without observation. This leaves the question of duty entirely open. Later on—when he met the Queen of the Belgians at Court in Lent—he wished that there were some rule about the matter. He was afraid that any appearance of clerical laxity would scandalise so strict a Catholic, and at the same time thought that any appearance of singularity on his own part would be wrong. He managed more satisfactorily about the Prince Consort's Sunday chess; here the conventional rule was clear, and he had only to appeal to it, though he did not believe in it, so that he could at once avoid joining the chess party, and vindicate the Prince, who was charitably anxious not to shock the British public by cards. Wilberforce had always been brought up to believe the liberal theory of Sunday which all the Reformers held, and he believed that the Sabbatarian theory did more harm than good, for though the strict observance was a gain to the naturally pious, it was a terrible snare to the conscience of the majority, especially of the poor. Still he thought it wrong to run the risk of scandal by proclaiming the theory he believed; it is remarkable that he always regarded Isaac Williams's tract on "Reserve in communicating Religious knowledge" as one of the gravest offences of the Oxford party.

In his early life, an uncharitable critic would have charged him rather

with want of humility than with want of simplicity. In 1837, at the meeting of a Church-building Society at Winchester, Lord Palmerston had taken a line which he considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship—speaking, as Wilberforce said at the time, to his dissenting constituents. Lord Palmerston was already a Cabinet minister, nearly twenty years older than Wilberforce, who was only the parson of Brighthelm; but Wilberforce attacked his remarks with an ability and an eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, and with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that on looking again at the speaker he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence; "and I assure you," he added, "that I would have faced a battery sooner." Some eight months later we have the following entries in his diary:—

"Nov. 3.—Wrote to Lord — fully about his taking God's name in vain.

"Nov. 4.—Lord — very cordially thanked me for letter.

"Nov. 7.—Lord — quite correct in his language, and very cordial."

Equally frank is a letter to a brilliant contemporary who had made the mistake of congratulating him on his comparative immunity from Tractarian error "in terms which would have been appropriate in an aged bishop writing to a youthful deacon." It was all no use; just as the imputation of romanising stuck to Newman when he was denouncing Rome with more fervour than charity, the imputation of tractarianising clung to Wilberforce however he might try to separate himself from the Tractarians. He and they were borne on a common current: the difference being that they understood something of the direction of the



current, and tried to keep in its centre ; while he, on the contrary, thought more of the landmarks on the bank ; he could never understand the exclusiveness of a principle. He was fond of the phrase which Newman satirised : " Evangelical truth and apostolical order ; " and found even Bishop Blomfield, though " decidedly the best preacher in his diocese," too " one-viewed " for him. Unluckily British Protestantism was as " one-viewed " as the Bishop of London ; and a man who was resolutely opposed to dissent and to latitudinarianism, and valued ceremonial and the externals of worship, was set down on the unpopular side, do what he would. He was a subject of the mythopœic faculty, which always revives with unexpected strength in times of popular excitement. Just as well-informed and otherwise intelligent persons knew that Dr. Pusey made a rule of sacrificing a lamb on Friday, they knew that the Bishop of Oxford had such a fearful temper that there used to be recesses in the passages and staircases of Cuddesdon where his children and servants could take refuge when they met him in one of his fits of Berserker fury. The Bishop heard the story himself as he was sitting writing letters in a railway carriage with his hat off, and put his head through the partition which divided the compartment to say that he was with the Bishop of Oxford as much as any man, and if he had such a fault he must have known it. The partition concealed his gaiters and apron, and he was not recognised ; and after closing the partition, he heard the first speaker whisper, " That is what all his friends say : none of them will admit it ; but I know it for a fact." A grave archdeacon was found to certify that the Bishop might be moderate enough now, but when he first opened his chapel at Cuddesdon he used to go in procession from the library to the chapel with an acolyte swinging a censer before him.

Some confidence might have been due to a supporter of the Jerusalem Bishopric, and the firm opponent of the Tractarian candidate for the poetry professorship ; to one who had been ready to vote for any censure on Ward, and almost any precaution against non-natural interpretation of the Articles, and was only induced by Mr. Gladstone's remonstrances to refrain from a direct censure of Tract 90. But, unfortunately, all the clergy, and almost all the University, except the heads of houses, had been unanimously scandalised at the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Hampden. That very " donnish " dignity had been stirred up by Blanco White to expound a theory which he did not quite understand, and which, so far as he understood, he was afraid to express quite plainly. What was in Blanco White's mind was the position that scholasticism, though it seemed effectually discredited, was the quintessence of orthodoxy, and that such orthodoxy as flourished in England was in the main an incoherent revival of scholasticism. Dr. Hampden was hazily of opinion that any one who could substitute " Biblical Theology " in the German sense for " Dogmatic Theology " would deserve the reputation of Bacon, as he would substitute an inductive method for a deductive one ; the isolated texts upon which he would preach being regarded as equivalent to facts ascertained by experiment. This in itself was enough to prove that Hampden was at worst a timid and tentative heresiarch. In fact, so far as he knew his own mind, Hampden seems to have held that the working belief of Protestant piety would be all the safer and more effective if disencumbered of all scholastic phraseology : he hardly distinguished between the fathers and the schoolmen, and talked of the scholasticism of the Nicene and the " Athanasian " Creeds. When he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity an invidious catena of extracts from his lectures was drawn up by inquisitors

who did not understand the distinction between downright heresy and what was merely scandalous, rash, and offensive to pious ears. The University deprived him of such of the privileges of his place as it could: even half a dozen bishops gave it out that they required candidates for orders to attend the lectures of Lady Margaret's professor instead of his. When Lord John Russell appointed him Bishop of Hereford there was a general outcry. Thirteen bishops out of twenty-six signed a memorial against persevering with such an unpopular appointment. The Archbishop of Canterbury did not sign the protest, but declared he would rather go to the Tower than consecrate Dr. Hampden. The Bishop of London did sign it, "though sure that it would produce no effect but that which the north wind in the fable produced on the wayfaring man." The Bishop of Salisbury, who had required certificates of attendance at Dr. Hampden's lectures from Oxford candidates for ordination, signed with the rest. Lord John Russell decided, after five days' reflection, that as the Tractarians had no doubt been at the bottom of the opposition to Dr. Hampden, it would be strengthening the Protestant character of the Established Church to persevere in a very imprudent appointment. Here Wilberforce thought it would be hopeful to interpose. It was plain that Dr. Hampden was not really very heterodox, and he hoped that it would be possible to bring this to light in some way that would redound to the glory of orthodoxy, and to the salutary humiliation of the future bishop. Either Lord John Russell might promise, without withdrawing the nomination, that his nominee should be fairly tried for heresy, or at least he might exact the fullest explanations from him in such a form as to show that his lectures needed to be explained and apologised for. Dr. Hampden had given his measure: he had held his chair for eleven years in the teeth

of the severest censure the heads of houses would allow the University to pass: he had retracted nothing: he had given no fresh offence; he was very unlikely to humble himself in order to disarm opposition to his appointment. Of course Lord John Russell did not ask him to humble himself: Bishop Wilberforce did. He was the incumbent of Ewelme, and the Bishop, having this special relation to him, allowed a very ambiguous course of conduct to be suggested to him. He authorised a prosecution under the belief that it was a purely ministerial act, and then invited Dr. Hampden—whom he assumed to be anxious to clear himself—to explain that his objectionable expressions had been used without evil intention. Dr. Hampden repeated rather more stiffly the protestation of belief in the formularies which he had made to the Premier. He condescended to allow Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, to assure Bishop Wilberforce that his most questionable publication, a letter on the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities, was circulated without his sanction, and that he would see if he could improve the Bampton Lectures in a new edition. Meanwhile the Bishop made two discoveries—that it might be held that he had a discretion in authorising the prosecution, and that it was very doubtful if a pending prosecution would stay the confirmation of Dr. Hampden's election. Moreover, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was too old to be resolute, was anxious that the prosecution should be dropped. Under the circumstances, Bishop Wilberforce decided to read the Bampton Lectures through; he refreshed his impression that the extracts of 1836 had been unfairly made, and he stopped the prosecution. But he covered his retreat quite disinterestedly by an elaborate correspondence with Dr. Hampden and Dr. Hawkins, in which he tried to fix the former to larger concessions than he had made. The High Church party felt

they  
never  
attempt  
attack  
nomin  
of bra  
the B  
good  
minim  
made  
all ch  
the pr  
He  
favour  
sisten  
thepr  
but he  
upon  
spirit  
devot  
office.  
spirit  
Confir  
deepe  
ordain  
else  
justic  
rather  
may  
stirri  
bisho  
latin  
gifte  
be a  
dioce  
The  
was  
moti  
when  
Brig  
his  
thro  
behav  
gati  
Exet  
havi  
for t  
the  
and  
any  
spea  
nati  
man  
cour  
N

they had been betrayed; the Court never forgave what looked like an attempt to disguise an unsuccessful attack upon the Crown's right to nominate, by an unsuccessful game of brag with the nominee; and yet the Bishop had acted throughout in good faith, desiring to do his best to minimise an undoubted scandal, having made up his mind that he sacrificed all chances of promotion by signing the protest against the appointment.

He noticed the withdrawal of Court favour, which was aggravated by persistent rumours that he had stopped the prosecution on a hint from Court; but he was not discouraged; and looked upon the check in his temporal prosperity as only a call to increased devotion to the spiritual work of his office. It was especially in purely spiritual functions, Ordination and Confirmation, that he produced the deepest impression: those who were ordained by him thought that no one else could understand him or do him justice. But the public knew him rather as an organiser, and, if one may say so, agitator; he was always stirring people up. The old idea of a bishop was that he supplied the regulating power of his diocese; if greatly gifted, like Bishop Thirlwall, he might be a guiding power, not only to his diocese, but to the Church at large. The originality of Bishop Wilberforce was that he undertook to supply the motive power as well. As early as 1830, when he was nothing but rector of Brightstone, he gave a specimen of his quality in a two months' tour through Devonshire and Cornwall on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Bishop of Exeter "screamed" at the idea of having to listen to the same speaker for two months, and was surprised at the end of the time to have been edified and instructed, and to have escaped any approach to repetition. The speaker not only astonished the natives at the time, but left a permanent impression behind: the two counties still contribute something

like the income of a second-rate squire to the maintenance of missionaries who make no converts. From the first Wilberforce was zealous in the cause of missionary bishops. The first true missionary bishop sent out was Bishop Mackenzie; but we have to thank Wilberforce's energy for the really edifying spectacle of scores of clergy who, being men of mark at home, leave their parishes, their comforts, and their prospects, to maintain and extend the cosmopolitan organisation of Anglican Episcopacy. They are sent forth with honour to divide their time between long journeys in countries without roads or inns, and keeping elementary schools for settlers and savages. They are received with weariness when they come every four or five years to beg for men and money. When they come back for good, after sacrificing twelve or fifteen of the best years of their life, they are received with something like contempt. It cannot be helped, though the Irish in the days of St. Patrick solved the problem when they made all the saints of the first order bishops alike; but it would be too revolutionary to make every missionary (who could hardly get a curacy, much less a parish at home) a bishop with full power to ordain his own catechists.

Bishop Wilberforce was more successful in organising at home. He gave a great impulse to all the agencies for making alms do the work of taxes, and never seems to have been the least troubled by a suspicion that there was rather a disproportionate expenditure of force in getting up the steam; that pauperism, for instance, was provided for more completely and with less friction than education. He was happily inspired in starting the fashion of theological colleges, which serve to bridge the interval between the degree and ordination, and enable men to whom the clerical tone is unfamiliar to acquire it. When he was still Archdeacon of Surrey he had written to his brother Robert to deprecate any attempt at

the revival of ecclesiastical discipline, though he seems to have thought that excommunication, "reduced to the simplest form, declaring who was or was not in communion with the Church," was innocuous enough to be retained. But little as he believed in diocesan courts he had great faith in rural deans; from the first he believed in voluntary organisation, and thought it the great want of the Church of England. The clergy, when he began public life, were still a collection of independent individuals, united so far as they were united by a common training and by the traditions of a common historical position. His ideal was a body at once more plastic and more homogeneous, applying themselves rapidly to every new social need, and brought continually closer to the same standard of professional decorum and efficiency by dint of zealous and incessant supervision. Within this body there was to be no separation—there are two admirable letters to a High Church clergyman who had denounced his neighbour as an heretic for denying baptismal regeneration, and to the Low Church clergyman who gave the offence. Both of course are rebuked, but the censor is rebuked much the most severely. In the same spirit he wrote to his brother Henry, imploring him to bear with the curate in charge at East Farleigh, who had been denouncing Puseyism with a vigour that certainly reflected upon the new incumbent. Anything was better than to divide the parish. When a scandal could not be suppressed Bishop Wilberforce was always prepared to thunder against it; for even if he knew that the thunder would spend itself in the air, he knew also that the air would be cleared by the thunder.

He was always willing to accept the teaching of events. In 1843 he had remarked on the Church praying for fine weather, while the Dissenters were holding meetings in support of the repeal of the corn laws; in 1841 he had been disgusted by the tardy bid of the Whigs for free-trade support,

although at Oriel he held that "Corn-Law Amendment" was a "privilege" which the lower classes might justly claim to share. When Sir Robert Peel declared for the repeal of the corn laws he supported him in the House of Lords, while he opposed the repeal of the differential duties upon slave-grown sugar. He must have felt strongly upon the former subject, for Prince Albert, who wrote him a very curious letter on the duties of a bishop in the House of Lords, named corn laws and free trade as subjects on which a Bishop ought not to speak. "The interests of humanity" were not concerned, it seems, in cheap bread, though they justified speaking on such questions as negro emancipation and the regulation of factory labour. As a guardian of public morality it was for a Bishop to protest when the State was carried into questionable courses in home or foreign affairs either by expediency or profit, and "to admonish the public even against its predominant feeling—reproving, for instance, the recklessness of railway projectors" at a time when Hudson and the rest were regarded as beneficent magicians.

It was not the Bishop's way to be severe upon classes, except indeed dissenters, heretics, and at one time radicals; but his judgment upon individuals was astonishingly severe, and quite unqualified by self-distrust. He repeatedly recognises the superior holiness of Newman and Pusey, without a suspicion that their judgment upon religious questions might therefore be better than his. The only one of the Oxford leaders who seems to have escaped his censure was Keble, and him he opposed. Even Hook, with whom he very nearly agreed, is suspected of interested change of opinion on the Jerusalem bishopric; Arnold is judged with curious severity, considering that Wilberforce admired Bunsen without reserve; after the Hampden affair he was convinced of the great incompetence of Lord John Russell; Peel fares a little better, but

not so well as Croker, who struck him at Alverstoke by the kindness of his judgments upon public men. Lord John Manners, in 1847, "seems quite what Coningsby paints him, and I hope and believe a great deal more and better than poor Disraeli will easily paint." But the one of his contemporaries whom he most admired was Mr. Gladstone, whose elevation he foresaw as far back as 1838. It is curious that even then Mr. Gladstone, "looking to the state as such, and to those who belong to it as citizens," was unable to discern resources bearing a just proportion to new dangers and necessities.

But if Wilberforce judged himself severely he judged others no less so. He was never satisfied with the effect of his first speeches, either at public meetings or in the House of Lords, perhaps because he prepared for his first appearance more elaborately, and in the preparation excited himself with expectations which it was impossible to satisfy. And in his diary he repeatedly accuses himself, not only of worldliness and ambition, but of indolence and covetousness, faults which no one else, however malicious, would have thought of detecting. He was from the first one of the busiest and most generous of men. He believed that the clergy of a rich country ought to be richly endowed, and that any sacrifices they made should be purely voluntary. He certainly practised what he preached: during the five years that he held the rich living of Alverstoke he gave away more than two-thirds of the income, so that he might with a very good conscience obey his bishop, who thought it a plain duty to retain the living with the Deanery of Westminster. At Oxford it was the same. He attended to every appeal for help, however unlikely it might be to prove well-founded; once, when the applicant had no sort of claim upon him, he was in a violent hurry to meet an engagement, but even then he turned at once at the word charity.

Canon Ashwell's readers are not likely to adopt his impression of the need and extent of the change which he thinks was the fruit of the great sorrow of Wilberforce's life. Before his wife's death he had been a zealous and prosperous clergyman; after her death he became a zealous and prosperous bishop. In 1861, twenty years after his loss, he wrote on the anniversary of her death, "Oh, if my sins had not forced the enduring chastisement of this day, my life had been too bright for earth." His life was bright still, and as work accumulated upon him his diligence rose to grapple with it, till he could dictate six or seven letters at once.

It raises our admiration for this joyous unresting activity, that all the while the wound of love bled inwardly. We could have spared a good deal of the self-reproof and self-analysis and severe resolutions natural to a serious man under a crushing sorrow, especially as, to judge from later utterances, Bishop Wilberforce did not exactly share his biographer's opinion of their efficacy. But we are all debtors for the new glimpses which Canon Ashwell has given us of the unfailing, unforgetting tenderness, now revealed for the first time in the letters and diaries, and partly anticipated in the exquisite *Vision* published soon after the Bishop's death, which we gladly reprint.

LAVINGTON, FEB. 10, 1849.

I sat within my glad home, and round  
about me played  
Four children in their merriment, and  
happy noises made;  
Beside me sate their mother in her love-  
liness and light,  
I ne'er saw any like her, save in some  
vision bright.

It was in life's young morning that our  
hearts together grew,  
Beneath its sparkling sunlight, and in its  
steeping dew;  
And the sorrows and the joys of a twelve-  
years' changeful life  
Had drawn more closely to me my own,  
my blessed wife.

Then at our door One knocked, and we rose  
to let Him in,  
For the night was wild and stormy, and to  
turn Him thence were sin :  
With a "Peace be to this household," His  
shelterers He blest,  
And sat Him down amongst us like some  
expected guest.

The children's noise was hushed, the  
mother softly spoke,  
And my inmost spirit thrilled with the  
thoughts which in me woke ;  
For it seemed like other days within my  
memory stored,  
Like Mamre's tented plain, or Emmaus'  
evening board.

His form was veiled from us, His mantle  
was not raised,  
But we felt that eyes of tenderness and  
love upon us gazed :  
His lips we saw not moving, but a deep  
and inward tone  
Spake like Thunder's distant voices unto  
each of us alone :—

"Full often ye have called Me, and bid Me  
to your home,  
And I have listened to your words, and at  
your prayers am come,  
And now My voice is strange to you, and  
'Wherefore art Thou here?'  
Your throbbing hearts are asking, with  
struggling hope and fear.

"It was My Love which shielded your  
helpless infant days,  
It was My Care which guided you through  
all life's dangerous ways.  
I joined your hearts together, I blessed  
your marriage vow,  
Then trust and be not fearful, though My  
ways seem bitter now."

We spake no word of answer, nor said  
He any more,  
But as one about to leave us, He passed  
to the door,  
Then ere He crossed the threshold He  
beckoned with His hand  
That she who sat beside me should come  
at His command.

Then rose that wife and mother and went  
into the night,  
She followed at His bidding, and was  
hidden from our sight :

And though my heart was breaking, I  
strove my will to bow,  
For I saw His hands were pierced, and  
thorns had torn His brow.

The spirit of this was the "under-bass  
constantly ringing" in his ears in busi-  
ness, and in society, when he seemed full  
of other things. If he went into com-  
pany and distinguished himself, half  
his pleasure was lost for want of her  
to tell it to. Whenever he went to Lav-  
ington, the first thing was to visit the  
churchyard and lay flowers on her  
grave. The last visit, within a few  
weeks of his own death, was soothed  
with thoughts of reunion. Eight years  
before he had written, on occasion of  
a family gathering at Cuddesdon, "Oh,  
how I long for her at such times,  
and call on her as I lie awake at  
night to show herself to me, if she  
may, but once to gladden these weary  
eyes." When an old friend proposed  
his health and alluded to their long  
friendship, the past was too strong for  
him ; he thought of *her*, and sat down  
lest he should burst into tears. Every  
reminder of her had the same effect—  
the anniversary of her death, or their  
wedding-day, or a visit to Lavington,  
or even the return of the spring. He  
wrote to their adopted sister, Miss L.  
Noel, from Windsor Castle, April 4,  
1844 (all his correspondence with her  
is exquisite): "Yes, I quite know  
all these spring feelings. It is the  
hardest time of all the year. SHE  
loved it so. She opened in it so like  
some sweet flower. Always was I  
looking forward to it. Now I never  
look on to it. It seems so different  
what it is ; all the short halting-places  
of life are swept away. If I could  
always look on to the end with any-  
thing like a comparatively increased  
singleness of eye ! But it is most sad  
going home. If I went home to her,  
it was beyond all words. If I went  
home *with* her, I got apart to see her  
meet her children. And now—but I  
ought not to sadden you."



## THE DIVINE LIFE.

"Who lived amongst men." (In the original draft of the Nicene Creed—from the Creed of the Church of Palestine.)

WHERE shall we find the Lord?  
Where seek His face adored?  
Is it apart from men,  
In deep sequestered den,  
By Jordan's desert flood,  
Or mountain solitude,  
Or lonely mystic shrine,  
That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?

Where shall we trace the Lord?  
'Twas at the festal board,  
Amidst the innocent mirth  
And hallowed joys of earth,  
Close neighbour, side by side,  
With bridegroom and with bride,  
Whilst flowed the cheering wine,  
That first appeared the Life Divine.

What was the blest abode,  
Where dwelt the Son of God?  
Beside the busy shore,  
Where thousands pressed the door,  
Where town with hamlet vied,  
Where eager traffic plied—  
There with His calm design  
Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.

What were the souls He sought?  
What moved His inmost thought?  
The friendless and the poor,  
The woes none else could cure,  
The grateful sinner's cry,  
The heathen's heavenward sigh—  
Each in their lot and line  
Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

Where did He rest the while  
His most benignant smile?  
The little children's charms,  
That nestled in His arms,  
The flowers that round Him grew,  
The birds that o'er Him flew,  
Were nature's sacred sign  
To breathe the spell of Life Divine.

*The Perfect Death.*

Where shall the Lord repose,  
 When pressed by fears and foes?  
 Amidst the friends He loves,  
 In Bethany's dear groves,  
 Or at the parting feast,  
 Where yearning host and guest  
 In converse sweet recline,  
 Is closed in peace the Life Divine.

O Thou who once didst come  
 In holy happy home,  
 Teaching and doing good,  
 To bless our daily food;  
 Compassionating mind,  
 That grasped all human kind,  
 Even now amongst us shine,  
 True glory of the Life Divine.

## THE PERFECT DEATH.

*Disce mori.*

WHERE shall we learn to die?  
 Go, gaze with steadfast eye  
 On dark Gethsemane,  
 Or darker Calvary,  
 Where, thro' each lingering hour,  
 The Lord of grace and power,  
 Most lowly and most High,  
 Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade,  
 His long last prayer He prayed;  
 When on the Cross to heaven  
 His parting spirit was given,  
 He showed that to fulfil  
 The Father's gracious Will,  
 Not asking how or why,  
 Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,  
 No anxious cry for life;  
 By scoff and torture torn  
 He speaks not scorn for scorn;  
 Calmly forgiving those  
 Who deem themselves His foes,  
 In silent majesty  
 He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last  
In memories of the past;  
Glad at the parting meal  
In lowly tasks to kneel;  
Still yearning to the end  
For mother and for friend;  
His great humility  
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond His depth of woes  
A wider thought arose,  
Along His path of gloom  
Thought for His country's doom,  
Athwart all pain and grief,  
Thought for the contrite thief—  
The far-stretched sympathy  
Lives on when all beside shall die.

Bereft but not alone,  
The world is still His own;  
The realm of deathless truth  
Still breathes immortal youth;  
Sure, though in shudd'ring dread,  
That all is finished,  
With purpose fixed and high  
The Friend of all mankind must die.

O! by those weary hours  
Of slowly ebbing powers,  
By those deep lessons heard  
In each expiring word;  
By that unfailing love  
Lifting the soul above,  
When our last end is nigh,  
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die!

A. P. S.

## SMALL FARMERS THEIR OWN LANDLORDS.

THE social condition of the greater number of our agricultural labourers, and also of a large proportion of our small tenant farmers, is acknowledged by every one conversant with the subject to be most unsatisfactory. Their lot is hard in many ways, and the prospect of their rising in the social scale so hopeless, that without some stimulus they seem incapable of getting out of the groove in which their lot has been cast. Emigration is the scheme most commonly advocated for improving their condition; and when emigration-agents go into the country districts, and picture in glowing colours all the advantages to be derived from settling in New Zealand, Canada, or the United States, is it surprising that numbers should feel discontented with their lot, and, as soon as the means can be provided, leave the old country for the far-off Colonies or the Western prairies? *Here* the most they have before them is a small cottage, for which they must pay rent; and wages not more than sufficient to meet the necessary claims of life; *there* an ample homestead, which in a few years may become their own, while their labour will provide them with an abundance of all the necessities of life and a good many luxuries. In other words, *here* little more than a bare living while blessed with youth and health, but with the gloomy outlook of poverty in sickness and old age; *there* plenty, with the likelihood, after a few years of labour, of becoming owners of their farms long ere old age has incapacitated them for active work. And thus year by year we see the strongest and best of our agricultural labourers move away to strive for fortune in a foreign land. It is said that the departure of these people does good, as it benefits those left behind, by making labour scarce and raising the standard of wages.

But those who say so look only at the surface of things: it would be better for the state if they could be kept at home; for the continued drafting off of the best tends to the deterioration of the life and energy of those left behind; and thus we find that in many localities where only a few years ago agricultural labourers were an energetic and respected class, their place has been taken by men almost entirely devoid of energy and ambition.

Many of those who have left their native land—the hard-working, steady men—have done well; while others, especially the indolent and dissipated, are no better off (perhaps worse off) than they were at home; for in the Colonies a man must work hard if he wishes to succeed, and the idle and drunken do not get on any better there than in this country. I know, from a long residence in Canada, that (unfortunately for the mother country, it may be said, though at the same time fortunately for the Colonies) the bulk of the agricultural emigrants who leave Great Britain are just the very men we should wish to keep at home—the hard-working, industrious and saving, the best men of their class in the district. But I also know that many who have left their homes would never have dreamed of doing so if they could have been put in the way of obtaining small holdings in their native land. Love of country is strong; and it is not a mere whim, as a rule, that will make a man leave his fatherland. Of course, if British civilisation is to spread, there must be emigration, but willing hearts and hands, from our surplus population, will always be found for this work, without transplanting those who are rooted to the soil.

The ambition to possess a property

of one's own is commendable. I propose therefore to direct attention to a plan whereby our small farmers and agricultural labourers may attain this desirable end without leaving their native land, and so make that advance in the social scale which at present seems beyond their reach.

If any one had said thirty or forty years ago, that in our large towns great numbers of the artisan and labouring classes would ever become their own landlords, living in houses owned by themselves, the probability is that he would have been laughed at, and characterised as an enthusiastic dreamer. Yet the success of building-societies during that period, especially in the manufacturing towns, has been so marked and steady, that whole streets or districts can be pointed out where each separate house is owned by the mechanic or labourer residing in it; and it is well known that large numbers of substantial suburban villas and houses are owned by clerks and assistants in shops or warehouses, all erected through the aid afforded by building societies. Now it is not unreasonable to expect that what a mechanic has done in the way of getting a *house* which he can call his own may also be accomplished by a steady and industrious farm labourer in the way of obtaining a *small farm* as his own property. What I would suggest, then, is, that associations based on the leading features of Building Societies and Freehold Land Societies, be established for the purpose of enabling small farmers and others to acquire land, which, by means of easy payments, would, in a term of years, become their own property. In various parts of England, and also in Scotland and Ireland, there would be no difficulty in purchasing estates of from one hundred acres to two or three thousand acres, of good arable land, or of land capable of producing excellent crops, but at present unproductive. Such estates could be divided into various sized farms, say of five, ten, twenty, or even fifty acres and upwards; or indeed of any convenient size, so as to suit the

wants of all classes. As is the case with building and freehold societies, each shareholder would select such a lot as he required, and in the event of competition, the lot would be given to the highest bidder.

The carrying out of such a scheme would in no way disturb the land laws, the altering of which, seems by many of the would-be reformers of the day to be considered a panacea for all the ills of the country. There would also be another great advantage. The creation of a number of small proprietors would tend to bridge over the chasm at present existing in the country districts; where, in most localities, it may be said there are now only two classes—the extremely rich and the very poor; and these, not being brought into contact with each other, the sympathy which formerly existed between the different grades has been lost; though by the reintroduction of an intervening class it would be again established.

In no other calling than that of the agricultural labourer does the hard and fast line exist that would seem to keep him always in the one groove; for the industrious and prudent workman in towns can always become, if he strives for it, something higher than a common labourer. There are numerous openings for him in various branches of trade, and he has opportunities of investing his savings which the agricultural labourer never can have. The great drawback in the agricultural labourer's life seems to be the absence of the ordinary incentives to perseverance and self-restraint which the prospect of rising in the world gives to other classes; his wages are often cruelly small, but his greatest grievance resides in the painful fact that he sees no opening by means of which to improve his condition. It is too much the fashion to dwell on the hardships of his lot; but so far as mere physical enjoyment goes he is better off than a large number of handicraftsmen in towns. His position is certainly superior to that of most journeyman tailors or shoemakers, as regards both the

amount and quality of the food he can procure for his family, and the dwelling in which he can shelter them. But the tradesman has the one great advantage, that, if he is steady and saving, he knows he may in time begin work on his own account, while the agricultural labourer has no such prospect or stimulus to exertion. It is true that by the establishment of Post-Office Savings Banks an opportunity is now afforded him of putting past a portion of his earnings, and this is no doubt to a certain extent a means of bettering his condition. But what is the attraction of saving up a few pounds against sickness or old age, compared to that of acquiring a little bit of land and one or two cows? A mere nothing. There must be a stronger motive, a something tangible which may be obtained by saving.

It may be argued that if landowners would subdivide a portion of their property into small allotments and let them on sufficiently long leases, the prospect of renting a little farm would be a sufficient motive to urge the agricultural labourer to habits of activity and saving. No doubt it would in many cases. The difficulty, however, is to get proprietors so to subdivide their land; but even if they did, that would in no way act as a hindrance to the purchasing of land on the plan proposed. It would rather, I think, act as an incentive; for a man will work more energetically on land that is his own, or that he has the prospect of owning, than on land which he holds merely on tenure, and which, after labouring to improve, he may be called upon to leave at the expiry of his lease. There is a widespread belief, or rather, I should say, expression of opinion, that the experience of the present day is in favour of large farms, and that a better return can be had from them than from the small-farm system. But it is unfair to compare the cultivation of the large holdings of our "gentlemen farmers" with the miserable patches with which they are so often contrasted. When I speak of small farmers, I allude to such as farm small areas in a high

and systematic manner, and not to those who live in miserable hovels, and *scratch*, rather than cultivate, the surface of their plots. Such people seem incapable of doing any good, and it is this class of occupiers which has brought so much discredit upon the small-farming system.

I have seen a great deal of what in the Highlands of Scotland is called the *Crofter* system, and know the condition of the people well. Unfortunately most of the holdings (which run from two to ten acres, with an out-run of hill ground for a few sheep and a cow or two) are on poor stony soil; but I have invariably found that where the most was made of the land the occupier was comparatively well off; while the half-tilled and ill-tended lots were as certainly found to be occupied by poor and thriftless tenants. I shall not, however, enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of this system. I merely mention what is a well-known fact, that *the crofter with his few acres well cultivated, produces a larger yield per acre than the large farmer*, and is always, for his condition, a well-to-do man.

But in dividing a large estate into small farms, it will be necessary to erect dwelling-houses and suitable out-buildings. This could be arranged by the associations being both *investment and land* associations. In towns, building societies either build houses and sell them to the shareholders, or advance money to the shareholders to build for themselves. But as all the shareholders do not want houses, a number of them become, so to speak, small capitalists, who find in the society a good and a safe investment for their money. This advantage would also be found in such land associations as I suggest. Some of the shareholders would wish to procure, not farms, but an investment for their money; and here they would have it with the best of securities—that of the land and the buildings erected thereon.

I come now to consider the cost of

built  
bear  
sche  
ass  
be i  
lotte  
natu  
By  
after  
cotte  
ably  
unde  
in m  
in ac  
his  
mus  
lots,  
great  
hold  
insta  
paid  
the  
small  
laid  
this  
calli  
mak  
A  
kitch  
the  
stair  
neces  
cow,  
70f.  
rior  
To A  
" B  
" M  
" T  
" In  
" B  
It  
debi  
sumi  
(eith  
mon  
1 2  
ampl  
stone  
erecti



buildings, and this has a very important bearing on the practicability of the scheme. I have said that the proposed associations would, to a certain extent, be investment societies, so that the allottee wishing to borrow money would naturally borrow it from the association. By borrowing, and personally looking after the building, he could put up his cottage and outbuildings at a considerably less cost than if the work were undertaken by a society; he could help in many ways with his own hands, and, in addition, the work would be done to his satisfaction. The greatest difficulty must be with buildings on the smaller lots, since the cost will be so much greater per acre than on the larger holdings, and a larger proportional instalment will therefore have to be paid at stated intervals to reduce the debt. I think no lot should be smaller than five acres; and, properly laid out, a man and a boy could work this quantity by spade labour, without calling in the aid of outside help, and make a fair living.

A comfortable cottage containing a kitchen, sitting-room, and bed closet on the ground floor, and two rooms up stairs, can be built for 150*l*.<sup>1</sup> and the necessary outbuildings and shedding for cow, pigs, &c., will not cost more than 70*l*. This will give a house superior in every way to that in which

agricultural labourers are generally compelled to live; and would be quite suitable for the occupier of a ten, or even twenty-acre lot.

But let us take a five-acre lot by way of example, and see if a man can live on it.

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Five acres will cost say 50 <i>l</i> . per acre | £250 0 0 |
| Cost of cottage and outbuildings ...            | 220 0 0  |
| Sundries for extra work, &c. ...                | 30 0 0   |

Or a total of ... .. £500 0 0

on account of which the occupier has to make payments at stated intervals so as to clear off the debt within a limited number of years. The only Society of which I have any knowledge that makes advances on land and buildings erected or to be erected thereon, grants sums on loan, repayable in twenty-five years, at an annual rent charge of about 6½ per cent, which includes the payment on account of both principal and interest. This certainly will be more expensive than is likely to be the case with such land and investment associations as we are now considering. But let us take this higher rate, and we find that the annual rent required to be paid for the five acres is 32*l*. 10*s*.

Let us then see what these five acres will probably yield; and the simplest way to ascertain this is by submitting a *pro forma* balance-sheet:—

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| To Annual Charge, on account of Purchase Money and Interest ... .. | £32 10 0 |
| „ Boy's wages ... ..   | 15 0 0   |
| „ Manure, &c. ... ..   | 15 0 0   |
| „ Taxes, &c. ... ..  | 4 0 0    |
| „ Interest on 50 <i>l</i> . capital @ 5% ...                       | 2 10 0   |
| „ Balance ... ..   | 56 0 0   |
|  | £125 0 0 |

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| By yield of five acres of produce at an average of 25 <i>l</i> . per acre | £125 0 0 |
|---|----------|

[No account is here taken of eggs, poultry, or honey, which should always form important items in a small farmer's earnings.]

£125 0 0

It will be seen that the account is debited with a boy's wages, and presuming that the man has 50*l*. of capital, (either his own savings or borrowed money), interest on that sum is also

<sup>1</sup> The above allowance for buildings is very ample, and based on the cost of substantial stone cottages, recently built and in course of erection, on a large estate in the North.

charged. Of course, if he has a boy of his own who can help him in the work, and the capital is likewise his own, these two items will be so much additional for the benefit of the house. Out of the 50*l*. he would have to purchase a cow, pig, implements, &c. But in a sketch like the present it is unnecessary to enter into every little detail,

so rather than take up space by enumerating each item, and showing how much each article of produce yielded, I have taken the average gross return at 25*l.* an acre,<sup>1</sup> and though this is only a medium allowance, the result is so far satisfactory. It shows the occupier of such a holding to be in the following position: as an agricultural labourer his wages would probably be from 16*s.* to 20*s.* a-week, out of which he had to pay rent and keep his family; while under the altered circumstances he has not only paid his rent and got a part of his living (milk, eggs, vegetables, &c.), but has also in hand a surplus equal to a larger sum per week than he ever earned while working for others. There is this other advantage, that the rent he has paid is, at the same time, a payment on account of purchase money, with the assurance that at the end of a certain number of years, the property will be entirely his own.

As I have said, the outlay for buildings on a ten or even twenty-acre lot will not be much (if anything) greater than on one of five acres. The annual payments will therefore be less in proportion, and the profits consequently greater. The five-acre holder, as we have seen, will have to pay 32*l.* 10*s.* annually on account of principal and interest, or at the rate of 6*l.* 10*s.* per acre; the holder of ten acres, borrowing on the same terms, 48*l.* 15*s.* per annum, or 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per acre; and the holder of twenty acres 81*l.* 5*s.*, or 4*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* per acre.

The last is in a most favourable position, for he will only be paying a trifle more than the ordinary rent of a small arable farm, while, as has been already shown, the sum he has to pay will make him absolute owner of the

property at the end of twenty-five years.

It has been asserted that Great Britain is not an agricultural country: that her true interests are to be found in her manufactures; that she can supply manufactured goods to the whole world, and in exchange receive breadstuffs and provisions for all her wants. This is a specious and one-sided statement, yet it takes with the many, and so long as trade is brisk and the foreign demand sufficient to take off all our surplus products, they are satisfied. But when a time of depression comes, such as the present, with hundreds of thousands of men thrown out of employment, attention is turned to the land, and the question is asked—Why is so much of it lying idle?

True political economy will aim at making the soil support as many people as possible. The tendency, however, for a considerable time has rather been to see with how few we can get along; and landowners have been steadily abolishing small holdings, and putting their land into the hands of large farmers, because it is easier to collect the rent of 500 acres from one tenant than from twenty. So the small farmers have been steadily cleared off, and either forced to emigrate, or driven to the manufacturing towns, where they are swallowed up in the mass of day labourers. Would it not have been better if there had been land associations, through whose instrumentality they might have been enabled to purchase small farms of their own; and, instead of being mere idle consumers, as so many of them now are, like the operatives out of work, have become producers of wealth, and a benefit to the country?

The successful carrying out of such a scheme as that proposed will depend on the character and responsibility of the directors; and perhaps the principles on which Freehold-land Societies are conducted might be taken as suitable for its working. The mode is simple. The members pay so much per week, month, or other convenient term;

<sup>1</sup> Farmers in my own neighbourhood get from 24*l.* to 30*l.* per acre, according to quality, on an average, for their potatoes alone. If near a large town they would make much more. The small holder, cultivating to some extent as a market-gardener, should have a much larger return. Rents run as high as 4*l.* an acre, in many cases without any dwelling-house attached.

and when a sufficient sum to purchase a suitable piece of land has accumulated, the directors look out for a freehold estate adapted for the purpose and profitable as an investment, which is bought by some of them in trust for the rest. The land is divided into lots and balloted for, or in some other way allotted to the members. Thus as an investment, one of the advantages of the scheme is, that the members purchase land, by retail, at wholesale prices.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, for Freehold Land Societies that they were instituted chiefly for the manufacturing of votes, and so became associated with a political party for political purposes; for their wider extension, if unconnected with any political party, would make their usefulness very great.

Such associations as we have been suggesting would have a twofold character—philanthropic and commercial.

*Philanthropic* in so far as they would help those willing to work and to save to make a start in life, and put them in the way of accomplishing a great good for themselves; and

*Commercial* in so far as they would be remunerative to the shareholders.

But it may be said that a scheme of the kind suggested has been tried, and that it proved unsuccessful. "The O'Connor settlement" in Oxfordshire, however, cannot be quoted as a fair test, although it is made use of by interested parties for the purpose of decrying the "peasant-proprietorship" system. It was a beneficial conception, though a failure in practice, *because the wrong sort of people were put on the land.* *Mechanics* were brought from towns to live on what they could produce from two acres of land! Being ignorant of the first principles of gardening or farm-work, and earning no wages to fall back upon, it is no wonder that these poor people did not succeed. It would have been a wonder if they had. It would be just as reasonable to expect an unskilled labourer to earn a living for his family if he were put into a workshop and told he could make good wages at fitting-up engines. But if the

right sort of people had been put on these two-acre lots I am sure the result would have been very different. As a proof of this, I may mention that there were a few larger holdings in connection with the scheme which were allotted at about 50*l.* an acre. These, taken up by agricultural labourers in the district, became perfect models of small farming, and show what may be accomplished by associations similar to those now suggested.

As has been so often stated, the bulk of our agricultural labourers seem, from want of capital, to be utterly incapable of raising themselves in the social scale in this country. But the formation of land associations in which they may become shareholders will give them a stimulus to exertion, and the hope of having holdings of their own be as a new life to them, and become a strong motive for industry and thrift. This will be a further encouragement to labour untiringly upon the land and increase its productiveness; and they will feel happy in the prospect of realising from their labour what will pay the regular instalments of the purchase money, and leave them a good balance in hand besides. Under such circumstances, therefore, nothing but the want of prudence, self-denial and good management need prevent their becoming unencumbered owners of their farms. This happy anticipation will again lead to increased perseverance and energy; and in the course of time they will rise in the social scale—will feel the personal advantage themselves, and be a boon to the community at large.

From the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Land Enclosure Commissioners it appears that there are in Great Britain and Ireland upwards of twelve millions<sup>1</sup> of acres of land capable of

<sup>1</sup> According to Spackman's Statistical Tables, compiled from Parliamentary documents, the acreage of the United Kingdom is as follows:—

|                  |     |            |
|------------------|-----|------------|
| Acres cultivated | ... | 46,522,970 |
| „ uncultivated   | ... | 15,000,169 |
| „ unprofitable   | ... | 15,876,063 |

profitable cultivation, but which, at present, are lying perfectly waste. If these lands were properly cultivated it is estimated they would give a rental of about 3*l.* an acre, or a total sum almost equal to the whole amount we pay yearly for the foreign grain and flour imported into the United Kingdom to make up for the deficiencies of our home growth. This in itself is a strong argument in favour of the scheme proposed.

There is no question of the day more worthy of attention than the best means of utilising our waste lands. It well deserves the careful consideration of every one interested in social progress, and I do not know of any plan so well adapted for the purpose as the formation of associations such as I have suggested.

Since the above was written I notice that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has been asked for aid towards a large emigration of working men, which, however, he had to decline, as the various Colonies make their own immigration arrangements. Meantime the over-production of our manufactures during the past few years would seem to render it desirable that there should be a considerable thinning out, by emigration, of men belonging to the various trades. There is no chance, however, of an over-production of breadstuffs, and I have just read what seems to me a very serious matter, viz., that the secretary to the Kent and Sussex Labourers' Union is about to proceed to New Zealand with between 600 and 700 agricultural labourers. Under proper arrangements there would be no necessity for these men to leave their homes. But what can they do? If we are to retain our agricultural labourers, the sooner that land associations are formed, the better it will be for the country.

#### NOTE.

The foregoing article was written about a year ago. Then, and for many months prior to that period, commercial depression was one of the

leading topics of the day; but more recently, and especially since the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into its causes, agricultural distress has become the more absorbing subject of conversation. The past twelve months have also shown that the question of small farms has been growing in importance, and an effort is now being made to establish an association in Manchester on the principles I have advocated. Similar efforts, I have no doubt, will be made in other parts of the country. The gentlemen appointed under the Royal Commission will naturally have their attention directed to this among the many other subjects connected with the farming interest, and make the question become one of leading importance.

One of the causes of that depression will, I believe, be found in the large farm system; and the evidence of the Commission will, I am also convinced, prove this, and go a far way in support of my scheme. The competition on the part of agriculturists and others<sup>1</sup> to obtain extensive holdings, has been so keen for many years that rents have advanced out of all proportion to the returns got from the land *as cultivated by the majority of the large farmers, for they, as a rule, do not make the most of the land*; whereas the industrious small farmer must till his land in such a way as to get the best possible return from it.<sup>2</sup> The capital which would produce a good return to the cultivator if judiciously expended

<sup>1</sup> The rapid increase in the rents of farms is not entirely owing to the competition for the land by *bona fide* agriculturists, but, in a great measure, to the desire on the part of men who have become wealthy, to obtain large holdings in which to establish members of their families, more with the view of giving them an occupation, than of expecting that they should derive an income from the cultivation of the land.

<sup>2</sup> The cultivators of large areas seem to be contented with small returns for their labour, because a small profit on many acres soon tells; and in favourable seasons the yield will be sufficient to pay rent, and leave a fair margin of profit. Two or three unfavourable seasons,

on a medium-sized farm, cannot be expected to yield a proportionately good result, if spread over an acreage of greatly increased extent. Thus, the occupier of 250 acres, with a capital of 5,000*l.*, may fairly expect to make a profit of 500*l.* per annum, or 2*l.* per acre on his farm; but it would be unreasonable for him to expect, that if, with the same amount of capital, he endeavoured to work 500 or 1,000 acres, he would also make a profit of 2*l.* an acre. In the first case he would be realising 10 per cent per annum on his capital, in the latter 40 per cent! But this is just what many of the large farmers are trying to do. They are acting precisely like traders endeavouring to carry on a business too large for their means. So when two or three years of low prices, or deficient harvests come, a great cry is made, and the farmers say, as at present (for they must find some excuse), that they are being ruined by the importation of foreign grain, &c. Then they add that their rents are too high, and if they do not ask, yet they look for a reduction at settling-day with their landlords. But the landlords can scarcely be blamed for the high rents. They naturally took advantage of the increased demand for their land, and raised their rents accordingly. In this they were only following a general law of political economy—that when there is a great demand for any one article, with only a limited supply, the price of that article must go up.

But the cry that our farmers are being ruined by the importation of foreign grain should be received with caution. Many of them, and their landlords too, hint at a return to protection. The policy of Great Britain,

however, completely turn the tables, for the yield is then probably not sufficient to pay the rent; then the capital gets exhausted, and ruin is the result.

It is a significant fact that it is the large farmers, more than the small farmers, who are making such an outcry about their present condition.

however, is Free Trade, and the imposition of duties on bread stuffs can never again be sanctioned.

It is said the foreign, and especially the American farmers, can undersell the British farmers in their own markets. Let us look at the present price of the best American red wheat in Liverpool, (about 45*s.* per 480 lbs.) and see how much is left to the producer. Freight from New York just now (September, 1879) is about 7½*d.* per bushel, with 5 per cent primage, or 5*s.* 3*d.* per quarter; the charges in Liverpool, including commission, marine insurance, landing, port dues, &c., about 4*s.* 6*d.* per quarter. But to these must be added the American inland freight and other charges, and these form the heaviest items which come against the American farmer. On an average these charges may be stated at 40 cents a bushel from the time the grain leaves his premises in the Far West, till it is put on board ship in New York or Montreal—40 cents a bushel is equal to 13*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, which makes a total charge against the wheat, from the time it left the farmer's hands till it is sold in Liverpool, of 23*s.* 1*d.* per quarter. This deducted from 45*s.*, leaves 21*s.* 11*d.* as the price to be received by the producer in Oregon, Michigan, or Illinois for his quarter of wheat. Thus, in transport and other charges, the British farmer is protected against the American to the extent of 23*s.* a quarter. Freights at present are exceptionally low, and every advance in the rate would of course be equal to so much additional protection. Surely he cannot ask for the imposition of an import duty besides!

The American farmer has his grievance as well as his co-agriculturist in Britain. He complains of the low price realised for his wheat, and of the enormous transport charges. But the farm, as a rule, is his own; so he works on, and if he does not become rich, he lives in rough comfort and plenty.

Two gentlemen have gone to America

in connection with the Royal Commission on Agriculture, to inquire into the condition of farm life in the United States and Canada. They will find a somewhat similar cry in the Eastern States to the cry in this country; for the farmers in New England say that they are undersold in their own markets by their Western brethren, just as it is said here that the British farmer is undersold by the foreigner.

Bad seasons will come to the agriculturist as they come to the merchant or manufacturer; but he must take the average, as they do, and be content.

The remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs is to be found principally, I believe, in the better

cultivation of the soil, and this can only be thoroughly done by tenants being contented with farms of a size the development of which is not beyond the means at their disposal. Then, with the establishment of a considerable body of peasant proprietors, and of small farmers with long leases, and with security of tenure, and that guarantee from the landlord for compensation for improvements which is only reasonable, there is no reason why the British farmer should not hold his own against the whole world, and a return to that agricultural prosperity be brought about, the absence of which so many at present deplore.

JOHN MACKAY.

*Fortrose, N.B.*

A BET  
accom  
togeth  
withou  
ment,  
the h  
Engla  
the m  
not  
throu  
small  
and a  
stead  
faith  
childr  
privat  
Catho  
of th  
stanc  
noble  
togeth  
sianti  
tome  
pries  
cepti  
nine  
Cath  
testa  
St. O  
wher  
with  
could  
hund  
a lav  
a fin  
adde  
quen  
one  
repe  
ther  
who  
mon  
TH  
N



## CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

A BETTER illustration of what can be accomplished by resolute men, working together on the voluntary system, and without the slightest aid from Government, could hardly be found than in the history of Catholic education in England. Less than ninety years ago the members of that denomination had not a single college of any kind throughout the land, and only one small boarding-school. Those who at and after the Reformation remained steadfast in their adherence to the old faith were obliged to educate their children abroad. Here and there the private chaplains of some of the old Catholic families taught the children of their patrons, and, in a few instances, three or four sons of different noblemen and gentlemen were brought together so as to be under some ecclesiastic more learned, or more accustomed to teaching, than his fellow priests. These, however, were rare exceptions to the general rule. Ninety-nine out of every hundred English Catholic lads had either to go to Protestant schools, or to be sent to Douay, St. Omer's, Liège, or some other place, where English teaching, in accordance with the doctrines of their Church, could be had. In fact it was only a hundred years ago—in 1778-79—that a law of this country (which imposed a fine of 100*l.* for the first offence, and added imprisonment to every subsequent transgression) forbidding any one to be taught by Catholics was repealed; so that previous to that date there was positive danger for those who thus risked their liberty and their money.

That this state of affairs has changed  
No. 245.—VOL. XLI.

most wonderfully need hardly be said. The English Catholics of the present day not only have no need to leave their own country if they wish to be educated in the tenets of their faith; but, considering their comparatively small numbers, they own perhaps more educational establishments on a large scale than any other religious denomination in the kingdom. Of these I shall make mention in detail further on. Before, however, coming to that part of my subject, it is necessary to refer briefly to the great crisis which forced the English Catholic colleges from France and obliged them to take refuge in their own country.

The penal laws which were enacted against Catholics in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which were never fully repealed until 1829, had the natural effect of driving out of the country all those belonging to that Church whose business it was to educate their co-religionists. Some of these went to Belgium, but the great majority took refuge in France; and, in course of time, other English colleges were established in Rome, Valladolid, and Lisbon. After a few years these establishments began to assume something like respectable proportions. The principal colleges, to which nearly all the English students, both lay and clerical, used to go for their education, were at Douay and Dieulouard, in France, and at Liège in Belgium. At Douay there were two English colleges, one under the secular clergy, the other under the Benedictine monks. Liège College was under the Jesuits. At Dieulouard the establishment was

Benedictine. For a period of about fifteen years the secular college at Douay emigrated to Rheims, but afterwards returned to its former habitation, which it never again left until forced from the country by the Revolution of 1789. Did space admit, a most interesting account could be given of what the professors, priests, and students of the college at Douay went through during the last few years they were able to remain in France. Their predecessors, the founders of the college, had, some two hundred years before, been obliged to fly from England because they were Catholics, and now the last representatives of the institution had to fly from France, partly because they were Englishmen, and partly because they still held fast to the creed of their fathers.<sup>1</sup> The dangers, sufferings, and, in some instances, loss of life to which these men were subjected would, even if the account were much condensed, fill several pages of this magazine. It must suffice to state that by degrees they nearly all did escape to their native land; and that those who remained as prisoners in France until the Republic declared war against England were shipped off to these shores by the French Government. In the meantime—although it was more than thirty years later that the final act of Catholic emancipation passed into law—Englishmen, and more especially the English Government, had begun to see that liberty of conscience was one of the first of God's laws; and that without freedom of thought and action in religious matters there could not possibly be anything but misery in the land. Moreover, the very fact of these Catholic refugees being persecuted by the French raised up friends for them amongst their own non-Catholic countrymen.

People began to see that they had

been unfairly treated; and to Englishmen, who love fair play, this alone was enough to insure them, if not a hearty welcome, at any rate little or no annoyance on account of their faith. By their own co-religionists they were, as a matter of course, looked upon as persons who had suffered the greatest possible hardships and persecution for the cause of their religion. Many Catholics in the upper ranks spared neither trouble nor expense to give them a home, and to support them setting up the standard of education in their own land. Thus the secular college of Douay was at once lodged at Crook Hall, Durham,<sup>2</sup> and at Old Hall, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. The Benedictines of Douay were received by Sir Edward Smythe, of Acton Burnell, Shropshire, and remained as his guests until, in 1814, they were able to purchase the property of Downside, some twelve miles from Bath, where they have built a splendid college. Their Benedictine brothers of Dieulouard settled at Ampleforth, near York, where they also have a very fine establishment. The English Jesuits from Liège and St. Omer's took root at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, where Mr. Weld, a member of one of the old Catholic families of England, bestowed upon them the munificent gift of a fine house and a good-sized estate, to both of which they have since added greatly.

Such, then, were the means of education which English Catholics of the higher and middle classes could profit from at the commencement of the present century. That these have since then developed in an extraordinary manner, may be inferred from the fact that there are now in England eleven Catholic public colleges, affiliated to the London University,

<sup>1</sup> See "Narrative of the Seizure of Douay College, and of the Deportation of the Seniors, Professors, and Students," *Catholic Magazine and Review*, vol. i. June and July, 1831.

<sup>2</sup> Since the time alluded to this portion of the college removed to Ushaw, near Durham, where they have for many years had one of the finest colleges in England, that of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw.

and containing in all about sixteen hundred students of the upper, upper middle, and middle classes, besides two or three large public schools at which the pupils are too young to take a University degree. This number does not include numerous private schools and establishments where boys are prepared for the classes of the colleges; nor yet the several schools at which a purely mercantile and commercial education is given. Some of the older of the colleges are on a scale of what may be called scholastic magnificence which would astonish those who have never visited them; and not a few have already gathered around them that halo of tradition which Englishmen love so much in all matters with which they are concerned.

The College of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, near Durham, is one of the educational establishments which takes particular pride in having a tradition and history of its own. As I said before, it is one of the direct successors of the English college at Douay. The refugees from the latter place were collected in 1794 at Crook Hall, near Durham, where they remained until 1808. At that date they removed to their present property at Ushaw, which they have occupied ever since. But no person who saw the college for the first time would imagine that its foundation dated only three-quarters of a century back. The pile, or rather the piles, of different buildings, the handsome church, splendid library, refectory, and dormitories give the visitor a feeling that he is in an establishment in every respect ancient and substantial. If provided with a line of introduction to the president—nay, his own visiting-card will generally suffice—he will be hospitably received, and shown over the premises with a courtesy, and at the same time a pride in the college, which are at once peculiar and singularly pleasing. The general course of studies at Ushaw comprises three divisions, viz., the Lower, the

Higher, and the University Course. The Lower Course includes elementary instruction for those who enter the college at an early age. Here, as at all the large Catholic colleges, a rule prevails by which the younger boys are kept apart from the elder, and thus many abuses and evils which come under the general terms of fagging and bullying are avoided. In the lowest of the three divisions of the school English composition, a complete course of arithmetic, the outlines of history, geography, French and Latin are taught. What is called the Higher Course comprises the same studies, but at a more advanced stage; and includes, besides other subjects, Greek, algebra, geometry, and ancient history, with continual practice in English composition. The third and highest, or "University Course," is arranged for a term of four years. In it is embodied the curriculum of the London University for a degree in Arts, and the subjects required for the pass examination of that University form a large portion of the work. In the first of the four years comprised in this course the students are prepared for matriculation, and in the two following years for the first and second examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, as well as the examination for honours. The fourth and final year of the "University Course" is devoted to the study of logic, metaphysics, and ethics. After this such students as wish to enter the Church commence upon the course of theology, which lasts two years. The number of students in the three divisions of the college averages rather more than two hundred. The resident staff consists of a president, vice-president, and ten professors, all of them in holy orders; but there are three or four laymen who come to the college to teach special things, such as French, German, music, &c. At the London University, St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, may be said to hold its own. At the matriculation exami-

nation in June last, of fourteen students from that college all passed. Of these, five took honours, seven passed in the first division, and two in the second. Nor are the higher honours conferred by the London University without recipients amongst the students of this college. During the last ten years four Ushaw men have carried off the 50% scholarship for three years in the B.A. degree, another the gold medal in the M.A. degree, two more have gained the 40% exhibition for two years, and four have taken minor prizes. The college prides itself greatly upon the fact that Cardinal Wiseman, the late Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Justice Shee all received their education within its walls. The number of students in the establishment who are being educated for the Church averages one year with another fifty to sixty, of whom about 10 per cent do not carry out their first intention, or, as the term is in Catholic colleges, find that they have no "vocation" for the priesthood.

St. Gregory's College, Downside, about twelve miles from Bath, is also a typical Catholic educational establishment. It differs from Ushaw in the fact that it belongs to and is conducted by Benedictine monks; from which however it must not be inferred that those who rule over and teach the students are not, at any rate in educational matters, men of the world, perfectly aware that they must keep pace with the times if they want their college to flourish. The English Benedictines, after they had to leave their monasteries at the Reformation, nearly all fled to different houses of the order in France. It was not until 1611 that they were able to unite, and on the 15th October of that year St. Gregory's College at Douay was opened. In three years time the number of monks in that monastery numbered eighty. They remained there for upwards of a hundred and eighty years, were then driven out of house and home by the Revolution; and in 1795

were landed at Dover by an American vessel, whose captain helped them to escape. Sir Edward Smythe of Acton Burnell received them, and they lived for nearly twenty years in a house which he gave them on his estate. Sir Edward was himself an old pupil of St. Gregory's at Douay; and he, with others of their friends, helped them to purchase the farm-house and small estate, which since 1814 has been known as St. Gregory's, Downside. Since those days the College may be said to have been twice built; and it now consists of as fine a mass of modern Gothic buildings as can be found from one end of England to the other. Like most other religious orders in this country, the English Benedictines do not confine themselves to the duties of teaching or of the cloister. A certain number are sent out to work as parish priests, and throughout England there are nearly a hundred churches and chapels of which they are the incumbents and assistant clergy. Downside, like Ushaw, is affiliated to the London University, and has shaped its course of studies in the higher classes accordingly. The lower "schools"—or forms as they would be called at Eton, Harrow, or Rugby—follow very much the same rules and teaching as at Ushaw; but within the last twenty years classics and classical studies have been less exclusively the rule than formerly, and every facility—in most cases it is obligatory—is given to students to learn modern languages. The pupils at this college number about a hundred, but classrooms and dormitories which will accommodate as many more are in the course of erection. Students intending to become priests leave Downside after the ordinary course has been gone through, and proceed to the magnificent new monastery of St. Michael's, near Hereford. Since the Benedictines first settled at Downside several of its pupils have become distinguished bishops of the Catholic Church in England and our colonies.

Of U  
Stonyhu  
which t  
France  
last cen  
recorded  
of what  
united  
their ow  
again w  
vernmen  
tually  
whom th  
In these  
educate  
respect  
of his r  
relate w  
is never  
may be  
time an  
records  
After  
subjects  
perty by  
through  
compens  
years b  
to pay  
owed; I  
money,  
million  
English  
exceptio  
whose c  
the am  
lic colle  
Under  
claim w  
Commis  
the ex  
English  
French,  
ment.  
was ma  
on the  
judgmen  
the dec  
Gifford,  
which  
French  
of com  
lic coll

Of Ushaw, Downside, Ampleforth, Stonyhurst, and Old Hall—colleges of which the founders had to fly from France or Belgium at the end of the last century—there is a fact to be recorded which is an additional proof of what may be effected by a body of united men, not only when they lose their own and have to begin the world again without any assistance from Government, but when they have virtually been plundered by those from whom they ought to have received help. In these days of toleration, when every educated man of sense has learnt to respect the creed, or the want of creed, of his neighbour, what I am going to relate will hardly be believed; but it is nevertheless incontestably true, and may be verified by any one who has time and opportunity to search the records of our state papers.

After the peace of 1815 all British subjects who had lost money or property by the Revolution sent in claims through the Government asking for compensation. It was more than six years before France could be made to pay up, even in part, what they owed; but at last a very large sum of money, amounting to nearly half a million sterling, was made over to the English Commissioners, and, with one exception, this was duly paid to those whose claims were just in proportion to the amount of each claim. The Catholic colleges formed the sole exception. Under one pretence and another their claim was put off and off, until the Commissioners finally rejected it on the extraordinary ground that the English college at Douay was a French, and not an English establishment. From this decree an appeal was made to the Privy Council, and on the 25th November, 1825, the judgment of that body, confirming the decision, was delivered by Lord Gifford. Be it noted that the money which had been received from the French Government for the purpose of compensating the English Catholic colleges for what they had lost

was not returned to France; but the colleges never saw a shilling of it. What became of it has never been exactly stated. There is, however, a tradition, by no means unsupported by a certain amount of proof, that it was employed to pay part of a debt that had been incurred in the building and furnishing of the Pavilion at Brighton. In any case the fact remains that the Catholic colleges have never received a penny of a very considerable sum which had been duly paid to the English Government for their compensation.<sup>1</sup>

Any account of the Catholic educational establishments in England would be imperfect if it omitted a college whose name has long been almost a household word amongst us. I allude to Stonyhurst, the "Catholic Eton," as it has not unfrequently been called, situated in North-east Lancashire, some thirteen miles from Preston, ten from Blackburn, and four from Whalley. To quote from a volume which gives a very good account of the college: "Many persons have visited Stonyhurst; few have really seen it. This is no solecism; for the bulk of those who patronise it as sightseers, must, through a variety of circumstances—the vastness of the establishment, the shortness of the time at the disposal of visitors, &c.—be so hurried in their movements as to be precluded from minute observations and a clear acquaintance with many of its finest details and most valuable treasures . . .

"As an educational institution, Stonyhurst does not date very far back; its origin is not lost in the haze of centuries; many of the general colleges in the south of England distance it completely in length of years;

<sup>1</sup> A detailed and very good account of this extraordinary transaction will be found in the *Catholic Magazine and Review* for February 1831, p. 51. Sir James Mackintosh was one of the counsel retained by the college, and he wished to bring the matter before Parliament; but it was feared that his doing so would injure the cause of Catholic emancipation.

the bulk of our grammar-schools surpass it on the score of antiquity; but by none has it been excelled, by few equalled, in strength and rapidity of development, in success of action, in prosperity of career, and in the wide range of its influence."<sup>1</sup>

When, in 1794, the English Jesuits were driven out of Liège by the same French revolutionary fury which overthrew every religious institution, they took refuge in their own land, from which so many of their order had been banished during the previous century and a half. They came to England, where by that time the ferocity of our penal laws was greatly mitigated, and took up their abode in a country house called Stonhurst, which, together with some thirty acres of land, was given them by the late Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, a member of a well-known old Catholic family, who had himself been their pupil at Liège. The house had fallen into decay, and needed a considerable amount of repair before it could be inhabited. Between the Stonhurst of those days and even of a dozen years later, and the same house of to-day, there is a difference which would surprise those who do not realise that energetic men, with a common object in view, and a common purse on which to draw, can effect almost anything. To give even a very condensed description of the place as it is now, would take up three times the space of this paper. The college church alone is worth a day's drive to see. The observatory is one of the finest in England, only second, in fact, to that of Greenwich, and well known to the members of the different scientific societies throughout the kingdom. The museum and the library are noted for their contents, and a week or more might be

profitably spent in investigating the collections they contain. In a word, the English Jesuit fathers—amongst whom are not a few of those Anglican clergymen who more or less recently have taken the journey from Oxford to Rome—have, in about threescore and ten years, managed to complete an undertaking, in the shape of a magnificent college, of which any nation or body of men might be proud.

The pupils at Stonhurst are divided into two perfectly separate bodies. Of these, one is called "philosophers," the other is composed of the boys. The former number, on an average, about thirty; the latter, some two hundred or so, are subdivided into seven "schools," or forms. The philosophers—of whom not a little was heard during the famous Tichborne trial—are young men from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, whose position corresponds in some degree to that of undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge. They have their private rooms, and, if needed, their private tutors. Their curriculum comprises the higher mathematics, modern languages, English and foreign literature, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, logic, metaphysics, &c.; out of which each student is permitted to select such studies as will be of service to him in his future profession or career. Some of them prepare for matriculation at the London University, whilst others are reading for the degrees which are there conferred. They have opportunities for fishing, boating, riding, driving, and hunting in their leisure hours; and during the hours not devoted to study may come and go as they like. They have their own reading, smoking, billiard, and news-rooms, as well as an excellent library, and have free access to the great library of the college, which contains some thirty thousand volumes. In short, nothing is wanting to make the sojourn of these young men both profitable and agreeable during the time they remain inmates

<sup>1</sup> See *Stonhurst College, Present and Past; its History, Discipline, Treasures, and Curiosities*, by A. Hewitson, published at the Chronicle Office, Preston, pp. 2, 3.



of the college, which ranges from one to three years. The *esprit de corps* of the place is very strong, and amongst others of their body who have distinguished themselves in after life, we may name the late Richard Lalor Sheil; Percy Fitzgerald, the novelist; and Alfred Austin, the well-known poet and satirist.

The general students, or boys at Stonyhurst, are, as I said before divided into seven forms, or, as they are called there, "schools," and the ordinary course of studies is of seven years' duration. These schools are termed respectively, "Elements," "Figures," "Rudiments," "Grammar," "Syntax," "Poetry," and "Rhetoric." Each school is taught by a master who carries his pupils right through the whole course. Thus the master who begins this year with the lowest school, that called "Elements," will next year take the same lads through "Figures," the following year through "Rudiments," and so on to the end. When he has gone through the seven schools he retires from teaching, and goes to one of the theological schools of the society, to prepare himself for Holy Orders; for before a Jesuit takes the final vows and becomes a priest, he has to pass through two years of novitiate, and seven years of work. Those only who are peculiarly fitted for teaching are selected for that special duty. In mathematics the students are divided into classes, according to their proficiency in that branch of their education. In the three lower schools—"Elements," "Figures," and "Rudiments"—the course of studies includes portions of Cæsar, Ovid, and Cicero in Latin, and of Xenophon and Lucian in Greek, together with translation into Latin and French, and Roman, Greek, and English history. In the school called "Grammar," Thucydides is read; in "Syntax," Virgil and Homer; in "Poetry," Horace and the Greek tragedians; in the year of the "Rhetoric" school the time is chiefly occupied with sub-

jects essential to the matriculation at the London University. In each "school" the more advanced students undertake extra work. A certain quantity of "extraordinary" matter is appointed, and the master of the "school" gives special assistance to those who engage in it. In the four higher "schools" this extra work goes by the name of "Honours." Any boy who has been through the "Honours" course in the "Syntax," "Poetry," and "Rhetoric" "schools," has read the whole of Virgil and of Horace, a large portion of Cicero, about a dozen books of Homer, several Greek plays, the Olynthiacs of Demosthenes, one book of Herodotus and one of Thucydides. But the examination is not restricted to those authors, as the printed examination papers of past years at Stonyhurst attest, in which passages occur from Latin and Greek writers whose works have not been explained in class, but which the students are expected to read and construe at sight. Composition in Latin and in English, both in prose and verse, is encouraged by special rewards. In the highest mathematical class, trigonometry, plane and spherical, and the analytical geometry of the conic sections are fully treated, as well as the higher branches of algebra. A second class has for its subject-matter elementary trigonometry and conics. There are also, besides the matriculation class, two algebra and three arithmetical classes. The matriculation course includes lectures in chemistry and natural philosophy. Weekly lectures on these subjects are also attended by the boys of the "Poetry" and "Syntax" "schools."<sup>1</sup>

So much for the course of studies

<sup>1</sup> For the above sketch of the studies pursued at Stonyhurst the present writer is indebted to a volume from which he has already quoted, entitled, *Stonihurst College, Past and Present*, of which the latest edition has been revised by George Eyre, the present Rector of the College.

pursued at Stonyhurst and in all Jesuit colleges throughout the world. I have purposely dwelt, at perhaps more length than my space justifies, on this part of my subject, for more reasons than one. In the first place the Jesuits are looked upon by most of their co-religionists as the best practical trainers of youth. Education is, so to speak, their speciality, in the same way that preaching is that of the Dominican friars, and visiting the poor that of the Franciscans. There is an old saying that nothing succeeds like success; but to this truism it might be added that success is pretty certain to bring envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness upon the heads of those who succeed. In France, more particularly, the Jesuits are by many so-called "Liberals" abused with a virulence which is only equalled by the violent ferocity of those who defend them, and whose worse than injudicious friendship must do them more injury than even the unscrupulous mendacity of their enemies. It will be asked, What has caused this state of things? Simply the reason that in preparing candidates for the military college of St. Cyr and other public institutions the Jesuits have of late years been most successful, and have "passed" nearly as many students as all the other educational establishments in the country taken together. In England—at any rate amongst educated men of the world—the day has gone, or is passing away, when any individual's creed, or want of creed, is looked upon as a reason for abuse or distrust. In all grades of good society there is now a tacit understanding that whether a man be Catholic, Protestant, or freethinker, High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church, Deist, Materialist, or Atheist—it is an affair between him and his own conscience; and—to use a current and expressive term—nothing can be "worse form" than to take any one to task for what he does or does not believe. Unfortunately it is otherwise in

France. In that country the expression "liberty of conscience" is understood, or rather misunderstood, in a manner which few amongst us in England can realise, far less sympathise with. Latterly, education by the Jesuits has been an especial subject of discussion, in which heated statements on both sides have passed for arguments. This is why I have thought it well to give a detailed account of the real state of education in the colleges of this order, which may serve as a fair example of what is carried on at the other Catholic colleges in England. The mode of imparting knowledge, together with certain rules and regulations about the professors, may be peculiar to the Jesuits; but the actual curriculum of study is pretty nearly the same in all the English Catholic colleges.

Stonyhurst prides itself upon the success its students have met with at the London University. About thirty years have passed since the college was affiliated to the University and in that time it has passed four Masters of Arts, upwards of a hundred first B.A.'s, a proportionate number of second B.A.'s (among them a score of the former and several of the latter have passed in honours in the first class), as well as two hundred matriculations, about thirty of them in honours, and nearly all in the first class. Exhibitions and scholarships have been gained on many occasions. This may be fairly said to be more than an average; for it must not be forgotten that the course of studies at Stonyhurst is not drawn up with any reference to the course required for preparation for the London University Examinations, and that the immense majority of the students are intended for professions which compel their leaving the place at a comparatively early age. The London University calendars attest that out of upwards of seven hundred annual competitors for university prizes from all parts of the kingdom, there are only about thirty every year who are suc-

cessful  
not to  
Stony  
more.

A  
who  
after  
those  
the n  
Charl  
Sir M  
Cliffo  
Bisho  
ham,  
ham,  
Gunn  
Navy  
trave  
Cliffo  
Victo  
has  
Zulu  
conn  
the  
In  
ampl  
it is  
thin  
grea  
flour  
reas  
have  
late  
enti  
resp  
soci  
S  
fort  
old  
of

1  
into  
be fo  
Rad  
we e  
by y  
their  
mon  
is l  
that  
unn  
hap  
to y  
exa  
hur

cessful, and that it is very rare indeed not to find at least one student from Stonyhurst in the number, and often more.

Amongst the students of Stonyhurst who have distinguished themselves after leaving college, in addition to those already mentioned, I may give the names of the celebrated naturalist Charles Waterton; Sir Thomas Wyse; Sir Michael O'Loughlen; Sir Charles Clifford, Dr. Vaughan, the Catholic Bishop of Salford; Admiral Jerningham, who was, as Captain Jerningham, for long at the head of the Gunnery Instructors in the Royal Navy; Alexander Hill Gray, the traveller; General the Hon. Henry Clifford, V.C., C.B., who gained the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, and has latterly done good service in Zululand; as well as several others connected with the army, the navy, the law, and other walks in life. In a word, the college has given ample proof that the esteem in which it is held by all who know anything about it is certainly not greater than it deserves. It has flourished in England for the simple reason that, as I noticed before, we have in this country, at any rate of late years, learnt to accord full and entire liberty of opinion to all who respect the laws of the land and of society.<sup>1</sup>

St. Lawrence's College, at Ampleforth, near York, is another of the old Catholic institutions in England of which the first members came

over to this country after having suffered confiscation and imprisonment at the time of the French Revolution. When after the Reformation the monks and priests fled from England, the Benedictines of Westminster Abbey managed always to keep at least two or three together, and, as time wore on and the elder monks died, the jurisdiction of their ancient house was transmitted to younger men of the order. In those days—from the reign of Elizabeth to that of the First George—many of the members of the older orders hoped and believed that they, or those that followed them, would sooner or later return to England and have their old possessions restored to them. This is how amongst the archives of Ampleforth—which belongs, and always has belonged to the Benedictines—there are certain curious old papers and parchments proving the community to be the legal descendants of the Benedictine monks who were turned out of Westminster Abbey for not conforming to the reformed creed. It was, however, not until the year 1606 that the monks who prided themselves on being the descendants of those of Westminster, could gather together sufficient funds to purchase a house and settle down. This they did at Dieulouard, in the Department of La Meurthe, on the Moselle, in France, where they remained for the best part of two centuries; until, like their brethren at Douay, they had to leave France, after undergoing imprisonment and many bitter hardships at the hands of the Revolutionary army, the civil authorities, and the mob. They were ill-treated, plundered, and made beggars of, first, because they stuck to their faith and their sacred calling; and secondly, because they were Englishmen. For some years—from 1789 to 1793—they had been subject to all kinds of arbitrary impositions, and when they remonstrated were told that as priests and as natives of England their appeals

<sup>1</sup> No better illustration of what religious intolerance is, has been, and ever will be, can be found than in Dickens's preface to *Barnaby Rudge*, where the author tells us, "That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful, all history teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well to profit by even so humble and familiar an example as the 'No Popery' riots of seventeen hundred and eighty."

could not be entertained for a moment. With considerable difficulty they obtained permission for the students of the house to leave for England. On the 12th October, 1793, their college was surrounded by an armed mob of several hundred men; their church, library, and all that belonged to them in the shape of buildings were burnt. The Superior—Father George Cowley, who had visited the United States, and was a personal friend of the great Washington—and two of the fathers effected their escape. The rest were made prisoners, taken to Pont-à-Mousson, and kept in durance for nearly two years. From time to time some of them managed to get away, and in 1795 those that remained were liberated. They found their way to England by twos and threes, arriving in their own country literally as beggars. For some time they remained the guests of different Catholic gentlemen in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. In 1802 they managed to purchase their present property at Ampleforth, near York, and within easy reach of Harrogate and Scarborough. A stranger seeing the splendid chapel and pile of college buildings which were completed in 1860-61, might imagine that the institution had been in existence for centuries. The students number rather over one hundred, and mostly belong to families of the upper-middle classes in the North, with a sprinkling of the aristocracy. The college, as I said before, belongs to the Benedictine monks, but several lay professors are also employed in teaching the pupils. The course of studies comprises Latin and Greek classics, modern languages—German, French, Italian, and Spanish; mathematics, history, and modern science; with special classes for lads preparing for the army or civil-service examinations. Ampleforth has only been affiliated to the London University during the last four years; but in that time has done very well in the matriculation examinations. Here, as

at Downside, it must not be thought that by the word "monk" is meant the cowed ascetic of the middle ages. Like everything else in this world, the Benedictines have moved with the times. They take the greatest interest in all modern subjects of discussion. The manner the students crowd round them in play-hours shows that they are by no means hard or rigid in the way they treat youth; and, as at the other English Catholic colleges, nothing is more common than to see the professors at Ampleforth take part in the cricket, football, or other sports of their pupils.<sup>1</sup>

St. Edmund's College, at Old Hall, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, may claim the distinction of being the oldest of all the Catholic educational establishments in England. It began to work in 1790, when the first of the refugees from Douay found their way to this country. It also represents the one only Catholic school which had any existence in this land between the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign and the period of the French Revolution. I allude to an establishment little known even amongst English Catholic traditions, which was opened at Twyford, near Winchester, during the reign of James II. At the school at Twyford many Catholics of note, amongst others Alexander Pope, were educated. Notwithstanding the intolerant, wicked spirit then so rife against all who professed the Catholic faith, this establishment managed quietly to hold its own for about sixty years. The number of pupils

<sup>1</sup> The following is an extract from a letter written in the summer of 1878 by a clergyman of the English Church to the author of this paper:—"I have visited Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and Ampleforth Colleges. They are all well worth seeing. I was much struck at all three places by the friendly manner in which masters and students mix together in play-hours, and in the total absence of what we call at Oxford 'donnishness' in all the monks, Jesuits, or priests, towards their pupils. The hospitality of these colleges, even to an utter stranger like myself, puts us to shame at the universities."

never exceeded thirty, for those who conducted the school were afraid of attracting notice by allowing more to enter; and some half-dozen times during its existence, all those belonging to it were dispersed by orders of the local authorities. In 1750 it moved into Hertfordshire, and, after changing its residence more than once, finally settled down at Old Hall Green, near Ware, in an ancient mansion house, of which a portion is still standing. This was in 1790, so that when the first English priests and students who fled from Douay and St. Omer's came to England, a portion of them found refuge in what has since developed into a large college, with not less than 200 students. St. Edmund's has now at its head two Oxford men, viz., the president, Monsignor James Laird Patterson, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, and curate of St. Thomas, Oxford; and the vice-president, the Rev. George Akers, M.A., formerly of Oriel. Amongst the traditions of St. Edmund's Old Hall, it is related that when, in 1801, it was about to be opened on a larger scale than before, Bishop Douglas, the president, sought an interview with Mr. Pitt, who was then prime minister, and asked him whether he thought there was any danger in what they proposed doing. Mr. Pitt's reply was that so long as the new building was not conspicuous, he did not think there could be any danger. Owing, however, to a thoughtless order given for the cutting away of timber, the college was so placed that it could hardly fail to attract notice. Fortunately, however, the days of "No Popery" riots had passed away; and no harm from zealots ever happened to the establishment. In 1851 a very beautiful chapel, designed by Welby Pugin, and certainly one of the finest buildings the latter ever planned, was opened. The course of studies is very much the same as at Ushaw, and amongst those of the students who leave the college and compete for

the army or civil service there is more than an average share of success.

It may not be out of place to mention one peculiarity connected with all the Catholic colleges in England. I allude to the many more working days they have in the year than most other places of education in this country. At Eton, Harrow, and nearly all our public schools, the regular vacation granted to the boys falls little short of sixteen weeks. In the English Catholic colleges, the holidays never exceed six weeks at Midsummer, and three weeks at Christmas. If a pupil exceeds these holidays—is a single day late on his return, unless he has been granted leave (which is never given save on account of sickness), or a true and valid reason be given for the delay—he finds the gates shut against him, and can no longer enter the college.

St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham, is the oldest of the Catholic colleges in England that were not originally established abroad. It was opened in 1808 by Bishop Milner, the well-known controversialist, as a seminary for the education of ecclesiastical students and the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry. The present spacious college was built in 1838, from endowments left (chiefly by English Catholic clergymen for) ecclesiastical education. It contains the usual collegiate buildings, chapel, studies, class-rooms, dormitories, bath-rooms, laboratory, museum, reading-room, and a library of 30,000 volumes, as well as many manuscripts and early printed books. The building is in the Tudor style of architecture, and the internal fittings of the chapel and public rooms were designed by Welby Pugin. About ten acres are set apart for the recreation of the students—about 120 in number; of whom twelve are studying theology, and preparing, should their "vocation" remain as at present, for the



priesthood. The course of studies comprises humanities, philosophy, and divinity. The staff of superiors and professors consists of twelve priests and twelve laymen. The Rev. Dr. Northcote, M.A., well known as a writer on the Roman catacombs, half-brother of Sir Stafford Northcote, and formerly scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was for many years, and until quite lately, when ill-health compelled him to resign, president of this college; as was also the late Cardinal Wiseman, before he was made a bishop. St. Mary's, Oscott, is affiliated to the London University, and the annual examinations are under the control of the Oxford and Cambridge examinations. Most of the students enter the army, the civil service, or the Church; and of the fifteen Catholic bishops in England, six, besides Cardinal Howard, were educated at Oscott.

The school of the Oratory, at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, was founded in 1859 by Cardinal Newman, who continues to preside over the establishment. The average number of students is about sixty. The masters are laymen; but the general superintendence, the regulation of studies, and the discipline, are all in the hands of the Fathers of the Oratory, acting directly under the Cardinal. The prospectus of the school states that it was established "to afford to Catholic youths the advantages of the great public schools of England, apart from the evils which are incidental to the system therein pursued." Also that "the school and play hours, the arrangement of the day, the discipline and the books, are those of an English public school, so far as is consistent with Catholic habits and requirements." Several of the younger members of the Catholic nobility and gentry of England were educated at Edgbaston, amongst others the present Duke of Norfolk and his only brother, Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot.

At Manchester, Dr. Vaughan, the Catholic Bishop of Salford, has within the last three years established a college which promises to be of great use to those of his co-religionists for whom it is intended. It is designed to provide for the sons of business men that practical kind of education which is best calculated to insure success in professional and, more particularly, in commercial life. This college is called St. Bede's, and there are several excellent and most useful novelties in the education given there. The special object which the Bishop had in establishing the institution was to provide instruction of the same practical and scientific kind as that given in the American business colleges, in the *Institutes de Commerce*, and the *Ecoles Spéciales des Arts et Manufactures* of France, and in the *Gewerbeschulen* of Germany. Manchester, being a great centre of commerce, is peculiarly well adapted for an educational institution of this kind. A gentleman actually engaged in the local trade imparts practical knowledge of the same in the college; and in order that the professors may be more intimately acquainted with the requirements of the day, the Bishop has associated with himself in the general direction of the college a council composed of representatives of the professional and commercial class. It must be admitted that Dr. Vaughan has in this shown himself fully alive to the wants of those whose education he superintends, and that, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, he has placed the right educational establishment in the right place.

A college which, although comparatively speaking, is new, but which promises well for the future, is that of St. Peter and St. Paul, Prior Park, near Bath. It was founded in 1867, by the Honourable Dr. Clifford, Catholic Bishop of Clifton. It is intended to contain from 80 to 100 students, and gives a complete liberal education up to the B.A. degree of the



London University. Candidates are also prepared for the entrance examination into Sandhurst, as well as for the civil service and various public examinations. Part of the college is set aside for those who, having gone through the regular course of studies, propose to become priests.

At Ratcliffe, near Leicester, there has been established within the last twenty years a college which is highly spoken of. It is conducted by the Fathers of the Order of Charity, amongst whom are several priests formerly clergymen of the English Church. It contains about one hundred students, to whom it imparts the usual course of classical education, combined with modern languages and mathematics. This establishment has from the first been popular amongst the Catholics of English colonies, many of whom were educated here.

At Beaumont, near Windsor, and at Mount St. Mary's, near Chesterfield, the Jesuits have within the last twenty years opened colleges which may be called offshoots from the mother-house at Stonyhurst. The former is a very fashionable establishment, more particularly for lads under sixteen years of age. At the latter the fees are lower, the establishment being intended for the middle classes. At both colleges the system of education is much the same as at Stonyhurst, but at neither is there any class of students corresponding to the "philosophers" at Stonyhurst. Each has from a hundred to a hundred and twenty students; and, as is the case in all schools and colleges under the direction of the Jesuits, the parents are highly satisfied with the education and the training which their sons receive.

In Liverpool there are two Catholic colleges; one, St. Edward's, at Everton, under the direction of the Bishop; the other that of St. Francis Xavier, in Salisbury Street, belonging to the Jesuits. The former is designed chiefly

for the education of young men intending to enter the Church; the latter is exclusively for lay students, of whom a great number are day scholars.

In London the middle and professional classes amongst Catholics are greatly indebted to Cardinal Manning for a college at which their sons can be thoroughly well educated, and be either boarders or day-scholars, as their parents may wish. In the extreme west of this great city, on a piece of ground which ten years ago was a mere wilderness, there now stands the largest square in the whole metropolis. It takes the name of St. Charles, from the college which stands in the middle, and which is built in the midst of eleven acres of its own ground. This institution, like almost all the other Catholic colleges in England, had a comparatively humble beginning. It was founded in 1863, but not until 1872 was the present site purchased. The new college is an extremely fine building of noble dimensions, being 300 feet in extent, and with a tower rising to the height of 140 feet. The interior arrangements of the building are excellent. The increase of students at St. Charles's is, like the development of the building, something truly wonderful, and is another instance of what may be done by resolute men, aided by no money of the state, but working merely on the voluntary system. In 1863 the college, or, as it then was, the school of St. Charles, was begun in the Presbytery of St. Mary's Church, in Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, and the only pupils belonging to it were the choir-boys of that place of worship. It is now a busy hive of education, with about 100 boarders and as many day pupils. It has a full staff of lay masters, the president and superiors being priests and members of the Order of the Oblates of St. Charles. The position of the college is unrivalled in all London. It is shut out by the houses of Notting Hill from the easterly winds, but is as open to the

west as if it had been built twenty miles in the country, and on a clear day there is a splendid view of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Henley, and Acton, with Kew in the distance. The cricket-field, play-ground, and gymnasium are all well laid out, and are understood to have cost a very considerable sum of money. The education given at St. Charles's is a liberal and classical one, combining in a great measure the instruction afforded at King's College School, with the modern requirements of French, German, and music, with special attention to the direction and development of character amongst individual students. Much of the success which has attended the establishment is due to the late Father Manning, a nephew of the Cardinal, who for more than a dozen years worked unceasingly to perfect the idea of his uncle, and who died only a few months ago. It has also the advantage of numbering amongst its professors several Oxford and Cambridge men, who have joined the Catholic Church.

Some six years ago the English Catholic Bishops agreed to establish at Kensington what was called the Catholic University College. They intended it for young men who had gone through their ordinary public-school course, and who intended to occupy their time with the highest branches of study, as well as to take degrees at the London University. The rector is the well-known Monsignor Capel. The vice-rector, the Rev. W. C. Robinson, although he has been a Catholic priest for several years, has remained a Fellow of New College, Oxford. The staff of professors, including, as it did, the names of Paley for classics, Seager for Hebrew, St. George Mivart for biology, and Barff for chemistry, was not only unexceptional, but could hardly have been better. The establishment has however proved the reverse of a success, and can hardly be said to exist any longer. The Catholic laity never supported the college sufficiently, and the result was

that the institution gradually died a natural death.<sup>1</sup>

Respecting one circumstance connected with Catholic education in this country all Englishmen, no matter what creed they profess, ought to feel proud. It is this. With the exceptions of England, Austria, and the United States, the Governments of all countries are fast making the education of Catholics almost impossible; and the consequence is that numbers of lads whose parents wish to bring them up in their own faith, are sending them to this country, where there is at any rate full liberty of conscience, and where a father may bring up his children as seems best to himself. In all the English Catholic colleges, and more particularly in those conducted by the Jesuits, there are to be found students from Spain, from the States of South America, from Germany, and other lands, where religious orders in general, and the Jesuits in particular, are proscribed. Should the famous seventh clause of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill become law in France the number of Catholic students who seek education in England will be increased tenfold. Nor can we, under such circumstances, blame parents for sending their sons to a foreign land to be educated. Surely if there is one right, one responsibility, which a father has in respect to his children, it is the bringing them up in what he considers to be the best means of making them good citizens. The fault lies with those rulers and Governments with whom the words

<sup>1</sup> Since this article was in type, I observe in more than one magazine and newspaper advertisements which show that the Catholic University College still exists, although in a different house from that in which it was first located. But the President and most of the staff appear to be changed; and from what I hear the establishment is by no means in that flourishing condition which its well-wishers would like to see. On the other hand, I am informed, from credible sources, that the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge have increased nearly tenfold during the last year and a half.

"free  
of fac  
conde  
whom  
Franc  
sands  
they  
Catho  
Jesuit  
Surel  
opini  
ing—  
numb  
of th  
sons  
obtai  
them  
man  
been  
adri  
tions  
men  
the  
parte  
days  
given  
of En  
be a  
colle  
whom  
but v  
and  
emig  
coun  
exist  
senti  
In  
colle  
grou  
of C  
into  
by v  
are  
In  
thos  
educ  
also  
Cath  
essa  
Rug  
whic  
renc  
con  
opin

"freedom" and "liberty" mean in point of fact the right of the authorities to condemn and persecute all those with whom they do not agree. In both France and Germany there are thousands of heads of families who say that they prefer the educational training of Catholic schools in general, and of the Jesuits in particular, to any other. Surely these men have a right to their opinion? In any case they are showing—and will show in yet far greater numbers—that they have the courage of their opinions by sending their sons to England, where they may obtain the education which is denied them in their own land. The German Jesuits, who in later years have been plundered of their all and sent adrift, are already making preparations to afford to such of their countrymen as may wish it for their offspring, the same education which they imparted in the Fatherland before the days of Bismarck. They have been given an old country house in the north of England, and before very long will be able to open a public school or college. Their French *confrères*, on whom the storm has not yet burst, but who see the clouds drawing nearer and nearer, are also preparing to emigrate to one of the very few countries where liberty of teaching exists as a fact and not as a mere sentimental phrase.

In all of the English Catholic colleges the primary object is to ground the pupils in the principles of Christian morality, and to instil into them the arguments and reasons by which their own peculiar tenets are supported and held to be proved. In these institutions the object of those who teach is not merely to educate boys and young men, but also to train them as Christian Catholic gentlemen. In one of his essays, the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby says:—"The real servility which exists in England, is a surrender of individual judgment and conscience to the tyranny of public opinion. *This tyranny exists in schools*

*to a fatal degree. It is this which renders it so difficult to make a large school a place of Christian education.*"<sup>1</sup>

To combat this tyranny is one of the chief duties of those who direct Catholic colleges; and those who have the best opportunity of judging affirm that, as a rule, the desired end has been obtained in nearly all these institutions. It is hardly necessary to observe that whether or not this tyranny be an evil in schools is a matter of opinion; but in any case, it is a view of the subject which those who hold have every right to do so.

I have more than once alluded to the wonderful manner in which nearly all the English Catholic colleges have increased in size and importance. The oldest amongst them have not yet been ninety years in existence. From small schools they have become large ones; from large schools they have developed into small colleges, and from that into large colleges with establishments, with libraries, museums, halls, lecturers, and lecture-rooms—with, in fact, all that is wanted to educate youth from the time he leaves the nursery until he is old enough to take his place in the ranks of those who fight the battle of life. The chief reason for this rapid increase lies in the fact of there being but one common purse, and one common interest, in each such establishment. The members belonging to the different religious communities are not paid any salaries for the work they do in teaching. They are fed, lodged, and clothed; but as in most instances each one of them put a certain sum into the common fund of the college when he took the vows and joined the order, even these expenses can hardly be placed to the debit side of the establishment. Then again there is a wholesome spirit of rivalry kept up between college and college, each of which tries hard to get into the first rank as regards the most modern requirements of education, and to maintain itself there. In this respect the Catholic Church is not unlike the

<sup>1</sup> *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 377.

British army. The different religious orders and the various colleges wear diverse uniforms, and have each their own code, their respective *esprit de corps*, and rules of interior economy. But the main object of their work is the same. They have all at heart the advancement of their faith and their Church. In other words, their one object in life is to advance the cause of what they believe to be the truth; and they find that a liberal education, based upon the creed they profess, is the most effectual means of obtaining their end. In this, who will say they do wrong?

M. LAING MEASON.

NOTE.—The following paragraph, copied from a well-known weekly print, which has certainly no leaning towards Catholics or their institutions, will serve to illustrate parts of the foregoing paper:—

"The Jesuits spare no expense in their colleges, and Stonyhurst is going to be rebuilt from the foundations at the cost of above

100,000*l*. The architects are Messrs. Dunn and Hanson, and the architectural features of the old baronial mansion of the Sherburnes, with its picturesque towers and mullion, will be reproduced in the new building. Stonyhurst has been the chief seat of Catholic education in England since 1794, when the Jesuit fathers were driven from their college at Liège by the French Revolution, and were settled at Stonyhurst by the late Mr. Weld, of Lulworth, who was the heir of the Sherburnes. They were for a time his tenants at a nominal rental, but eventually became the purchasers of the whole estate. It comprises above 2,000 acres, the whole of which is farmed by the Jesuits themselves, with the assistance of bailiffs, and the administration is so successful that the enormous establishment in the college has hitherto been maintained from the produce of the estate, and the bulk of the pensions paid by the students has been allowed to accumulate. Compared with other public schools the pension is low, for it is fixed at sixty guineas a year, whilst the diet is exceptionally liberal and generous. Stonyhurst claims to be an ancient foundation, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for it represents the famous college of St. Omer, founded in 1593, of which the academy at Liège was an offshoot."—From the *World*, 8th October, 1879.

Mr.  
stroll  
child  
all th  
little  
called  
little  
in eve  
in at  
where  
cuits  
much  
in Bo  
street  
and t  
black  
appre  
from  
as die  
Tower  
broug  
his sh  
and t  
with  
think  
shoul  
looked  
stared  
their  
Augu  
at th  
heads  
The  
as yo  
inten  
been  
him p  
No